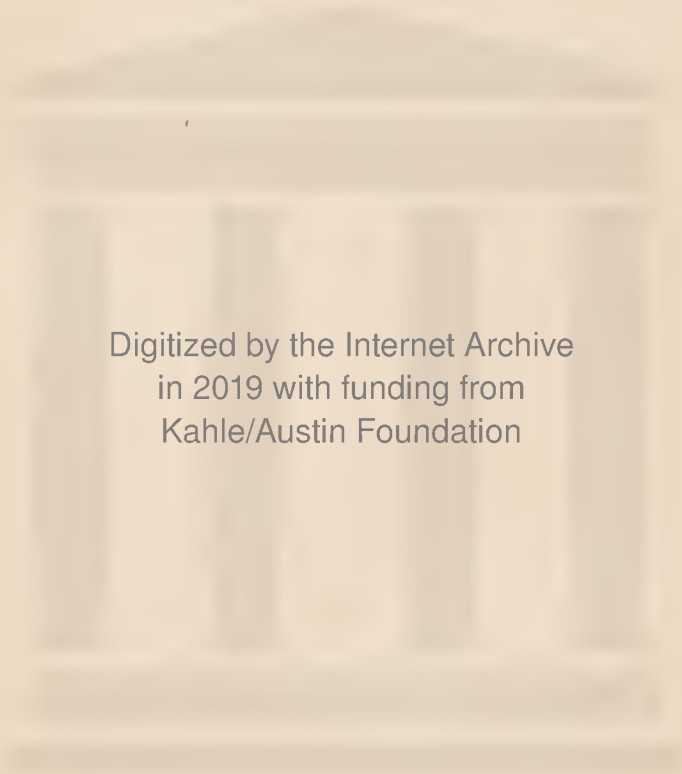
DERIC WITH THE INDIANS

DERIC NUSBAUM



BY DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

DAVID GOES VOYAGING

DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND

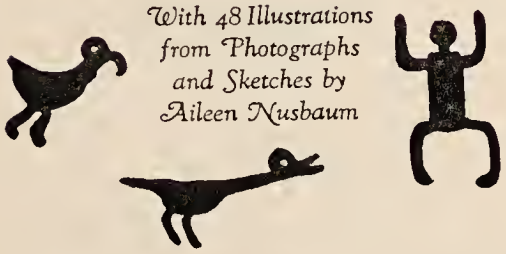
Santiago of Santa Clara, Deric's Good Friend

DERIC WITH THE INDIANS

BY

DERIC NUSBAUM

AUTHOR OF "DERIC IN MESA VERDE"



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DERIC WITH THE INDIANS

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To

MAMA-MAME

AND

UNCLE DUROSS

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DERIC WITH THE INDIANS

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CHAPTER I

THE INDIAN TRAIL

NEARLY six years have passed since we left New York City and came to live in the Mesa Verde National Park which is in the southwestern corner of Colorado. Mesa Verde means Green Table in Spanish. They called it that because the whole plateau or tableland is covered with a forest of piñon and juniper cedar.

I was only eight years old when Dad was

made Superintendent of the Park and I will never forget our first trip from Mancos to Spruce Tree Camp.

It didn't take the automobile long to leave the little town and the railroad station and the farm-land behind. From the valley the road led up the side of a steep cliff. When we got to the top it seemed as though we could see the whole of America. We could look into the states of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico; and Four Corners, the place where the four states join together, is just south of the Park.

It surprised me then to see that the Mesa Verde was not flat on top as I had supposed, but cut by many deep canyons. Later I found there were twenty-six of these steep-walled valleys.

It was June and the whole country was covered with flowering bushes in full bloom, and there were more wild flowers than I had ever seen in my whole life. There were birds and rabbits and squirrels, and Dad said that there were deer and many other animals.

Now, although the Mesa Verde is one of the

Mesa Verde

most beautiful places in the world, it was made a National Park because of its great ruins. A thousand or more years ago Indians, called the Cliff-Dwellers, built their homes in the big caves that they found in the sandstone walls of the canyons. Then they went away and left their cities in the cliffs and it was not until 1888 that they were discovered.

In the beginning the ruins didn't mean as much to me as hunting for arrow-heads. I would go on hikes everyday, first near our home and as I grew older, over mesas and through canyons and to new ruins.

Now a ruin that you discover for yourself seems better than others, even if they are bigger and finer. So I started in hunting for new ruins and watch-towers. It was wonderful.

Dad was awfully interested when I would make a real find. He is an archæologist and is always studying and hunting up things about the Cliff-Dwellers and Indians in general. Mother is awfully keen about such things too, and we three are just like pals and all work together.

Last year, when I was twelve years old, part of my work was writing the little book *Deric In Mesa Verde.* Not really work, either, writing it was pretty good fun, really, and in it I tried to tell about our life out here and some of the interesting things a boy can do and see around the Park. And now this book is to describe the great time I had on a big trip visiting the Indians about us. The journey really went into four states—Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah.

Last year Dad said that I was old enough to go on a real expedition. This is just about the greatest thing on earth! We excavate in the winter time because the Park season closes the first of November and there are no visitors. Then we can use snow for water and this means a lot. Tents, bed-rolls and provisions are packed on the horses and off we go.

We first excavated Bone Awl House and then we went over to the west side of the Park. There Dad discovered a Post Basket-Maker ruin that is about twice as old as the Cliff-Dweller ruins. We got a dandy collection of material for the Park Museum.

Of course there are no Indians living in the Mesa Verde except the Navajos who come up from their Reservation to work in the Park. I have many good friends among them and sometimes during the evenings, when they sing and dance and play games, they let me join in. They tell stories too, and it is great to see how they believe in their strange animal-gods and the lightning and thunder and all just as they did hundreds of years ago.

It is rather hard to realize that these people live here in the United States now, and that they were here long before Columbus came, and in fact, before the birth of Christ. When we were talking it over, Dad said that though the Navajo Indians had many of the same myths and customs, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona were probably the descendants of the Cliff-Dwellers and that their modern villages are not so very different from the ruins.

Dad certainly started something when he said that because right then and there I wanted to go and see them.

We spent the summer before we came to

the Mesa Verde at Zuñi and the old ruined city of Hawikuh, but I was only a little boy then. Of course I wanted to go back there and see the Pueblo and our old friends,—then there was Acoma and Taos and all the others.

There was my school work. It was January and I had passed my mid-year exams. If I took the time for a trip then it would mean carrying my studies later into the summer, but it would be worth it. Mother and Dick, my two teachers, were willing that I should go if I promised to study hard later. Of course I promised.

This couldn't have been arranged in a regular school, but I am fortunate in having my school at home. Mother has taught me most of the time since I was a little fellow. We don't go about it exactly as they do in schools. Mother says we study together. We have regular hours, but instead of preparing a lesson and then reciting it, we look up everything we can on a subject. It makes it awfully interesting.

This year I have History, English, French,

Science and Literature with Mother, and Latin and Geometry with Dick.

Dick is one of the Park rangers. Last year Marsh helped me; this year it's Dick's turn. He came to the Park last June as a temporary ranger (they guide the visitors to the ruins in the Park season which opens the fifteenth of May). He had had two years of college and was studying to be a lawyer. Well, the bug we call "Findus Bonus" bit him and he wants to be an archæologist. That's what I'm going to be, so we are great friends. Dick will go back to college next fall but he wanted to have some field-work so stayed here this winter.

Now Dick is from the South and had a "niggar-mammy," and he always says "kittle" for kettle. He had never seen as much snow as we get here. When our roads closed and trails had to be broken and pack horses gotten through, he just could hardly believe it. One night we got out the maps and if we had drawn a straight line from his home in Tennessee across the states it would have fallen just south of Colorado. But the Mesa

Verde is from seven to eight thousand five hundred feet above sea level and that's what makes the difference.

It was on a night like this, that we thought of the trip. We had maps spread out on the floor and Dad was showing me where the Cliff-Dwellers probably went to after leaving Mesa Verde.

We found that by swinging down into New Mexico, then over into Arizona and up into Utah, we could make a big circle and land right back home. We called it "The Indian Trail." We could visit the Pueblo Indians first, and later the roving Navajo shepherds on their great desert and the Utes in the "Bad Lands" of Utah.

This trip, or trips in the Indian country, are generally taken in the summer. We knew that we would have to fight snow and mud and "pack in" to some places. But Dad always has to stay in the Park during the season and the winter is the only time he can get away. He said that he would see me well started on the trip at least. The first part we could take in the automobile, and later,

do the Hopi Villages and the Navajo Desert on horse-back.

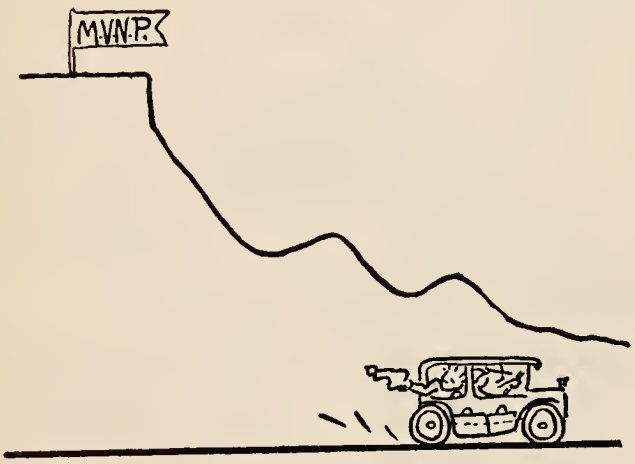
I could hardly wait to be off, and as we packed up I thought of the hunting, the queer foods, the camp-fire stories and the ceremonial dances.

Finally we were ready.

"All aboard!" called Dad.

"Is the shovel tied on?" This was Mother.

"We're off! Hurrah!" This was yours truly.



CHAPTER II

TAOS

OUR first day's run was to Pagosa Springs. The great bubbling pool of mineral water, and no one has ever found the bottom, used to be considered as "The Place of the Healing Waters" by the Indians.

Now there is a little town near it, and the white people living there have built two small bathhouses within a few yards of the pool. This is a shame as it is an awfully pretty place.

The next morning we went to Chama. Had

The Rabbit Hunter

it been summer time we would have been tempted to stop and fish as there are some of the best trout streams in the country in those mountains. However, we pushed on to Taos.

When people speak of Taos you naturally think of one place, but there are four. The railroad station is at Taos Junction, and a stage runs over to the villages. Then there is Ranchos de Taos, the Mexican village. There is a fine old church there. Don Fernandez de Taos is the little town. The stores and hotels are around the plaza, and a lot of well known artists have their homes and studios near it. The real Taos is three miles away.

We stayed that night at the hotel, and early the next morning we drove out to the Pueblos. There are really two of them, the larger one is called the North Pueblo and the smaller, the South Pueblo.

I will never forget how the great terraced houses were outlined against the big blue mountain, and how bright the morning sunlight was on them and how clear cut the shadows were.

We were told to look up Manuel Mondragon and he was the very first Indian we met. He is one of the most interesting people I have ever known. There he was with his big white wool blanket wrapped around him, moccasins on his feet and his long gray hair done up in a knot at the back of his head; and yet this man speaks perfect English and even helped Mr. Harrington work out the Taos language. He is awfully interested in the history of his people, and he showed us with a lot of pride a book on Taos that had been written years ago. He wanted Dad to tell him if there were others, and Dad said "yes," and promised to send him some.

The first thing that we did was to go and see the Governor of the Pueblo who gave us permission to go all around. Dad asked Manuel if he would be our guide. He consented and we considered ourselves mighty fortunate.

"I want you to meet a very good friend of mine, Mr. Lujan," he said as he introduced us to a handsome, well dressed man. I didn't know that he was an Indian, but he turned out to be a native of Taos, a graduate of Carlisle,

had fought in the Spanish-American war and was quite a student.

After we talked for a while Manuel took us to see the ruin of the old church. Part of one of the towers is still standing, but the thick adobe walls are pitted with the bullet and cannon-ball holes made back in 1846 when the Mexicans and Indians used the church for a fort. Colonel Price was sent out with troops to stop the uprising against the Americans, and he just peppered the old building until they surrendered.

Manuel looked awfully glum when he told us about this and seemed glad to get away. He led us over to the big North Pueblo.

We climbed up ladder after ladder and finally reached the topmost house of the huge structure. It is a very curious thing that long ago these primitive people solved the problem of the apartment house, and not only did they succeed in building a community dwelling, but as they added new stories they stepped them back like the skyscrapers of New York.

Dad asked Manuel what they did when it

snowed. He said that every man shoveled his snow down on the top of his neighbor's roof. The first story dwellers were out of luck!

Mother said that one could understand how these people could be content to just sit on the house-tops and enjoy the view. The sun was so warm and there was a kind of dozy peace about the whole place. On one side were the high snow-capped mountains, and on the other stretched the plains.

I remembered having heard of the famous rabbit hunts of Taos, and I asked Manuel where they went to hunt the rabbits and if he could tell me about them.

"Here is just the person to tell you about rabbit hunting," said the Indian. He turned to a tall man wrapped in the usual white blanket. "Here is the best rabbit hunter in Taos."

The man turned and smiled when Manuel told him what I wanted to know. "But I used to hunt with the rabbit-stick," he said, "not with guns like they do now."

"The rabbit-sticks are just what I wanted

North Section—Taos Pueblo

to know about," I told him, and I thought of the queer, curved sticks we found in the Cliff-Dwellings.

"You wait here," he said, and he went down a ladder through a hole-like entrance into his house. He returned in a few minutes with two sticks. They were more like small, bent clubs with a kind of knob, part of the root, at one end. He showed me how to hold the stick and throw it so that it would catch the rabbit's legs every time.

They were certainly neat clubs and I told him so and that I would like to see him kill a rabbit with one. This pleased him and he insisted upon giving the sticks to me. I didn't want to take them at first, but he looked kind of sad and said,—"I'm old and don't need them any more, and besides, the young men use guns." That seemed to get the old fellow.

Manuel showed us where the top house, really the fifth story of the building, was settling, and how here and there a wall had fallen or a part of a roof had caved in. He said that in not so many years the big Pueblo would be

abandoned, and that whenever anyone wants a new house now, they built a one story house apart from the big terraced one. "They do not have to be afraid of enemies," he explained.

Now this is just about what happened to the Cliff-Dwellers. I guess that the times were peaceful and they moved away from their fortlike homes in the cliffs and into the open country.

There are seven kivas in Taos, and the Indians are very careful to see that no white man goes near these ceremonial rooms. As a special favor Manuel let me walk near one and I saw that it was circular and subterranean like the ones in Mesa Verde. There is one queer thing about them though, the poles of the ladders go up into the air about twenty feet, and the entrance way is protected by a circular fence made out of shorter ones.

Manuel told us that the name of their Pueblo meant Red-Willow-Place. He said that their main festival, San Geronimo Day, was in September, but that they held dances all through the year. This Christmas they

had the Deer Dance, and the Turtle Dance at New Year's. The Star Dance is to be given at Easter time. I'd love to see this. He said that the dancers will be dressed in feathered costumes like birds, and this is because of their belief that the stars and birds are related.

While Dad was taking a picture, I ran over to a big mound, all that is left of the very old Pueblo. There were only a few pieces of broken pottery on the surface, the place has been pretty well gone over. When I joined the others they were talking to the Lieutenant-Governor. The old man seemed glad that we took an interest in the old things. He very carefully opened his medicine pouch and took a beautiful arrow-point out and gave it to me. He said that he had found it on the ruin.

Manuel took us to his house over in the South Pueblo, and we met his wife. After talking together they took us into their storeroom which had bins filled with corn and apples all over the floor, and dried herbs were hanging from the roof beams. They rum-

maged about for quite a while, and finally the old man found what he was looking for. It was an old, old stone pipe. He gave it to me and I can tell you I was happy. It is something like the Basket-Maker pipes and looks like a man-size cigarette holder.

As we came out of Manuel's house we saw his friend, Mr. Lujan again. He insisted that we visit him. His house was just like the others, but they were all very comfortable and had such nice fire places in them. He showed us a fine old Spanish sword that had been in his family for centuries, ever since the Spanish first came into the country; and he also had a bow and quiver filled with arrows. All the Indians said that they were the finest in the Pueblo.

Then he brought out a fine old Apache cooking jar and gave it to mother and said,— "Beans cooked in this pot are the sweetest you ever tasted."

CHAPTER III

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

WE left Taos early in the morning. There had been a heavy frost the night before and we wanted to take advantage of it and cover the road between Taos and the Rio Grande while it was frozen. The scenery we encountered as we faced away from the high mountains was absolutely different. It was more like the desert country, just a series of barren, low hills, and it was a great surprise to me when we came suddenly on a narrow rocky gorge with a little stream tumbling over

the rocks and ice at the bottom. This was one of the many little tributaries of the Rio Grande.

The road made a sharp turn and went down the side of the steep canyon wall. They are going to widen it and put it on an even grade. That will help a lot as it is almost impossible to pass another car and when it's wet, well—

After we got to the bottom we followed the little stream for a ways and then came into the big Rio Grande Canyon. It is certainly rugged and, being of volcanic formation, blocks of lava are all over the place. The high cliffs are beautifully colored and in spite of the road, it looked very wild.

The upper part of the river is a regular duck's paradise. There were hundreds of them, mostly in small flocks. Most of them were mallards, but there were some pintail and a few teal.

We were sorry to leave the deep canyon and the ducks, but we knew that some of the Pueblos we wanted to visit were in the valley just ahead.

San Juan was the first. It is one of the

most modern of the Indian villages. The Mexicans kept moving in until now there is quite a Mexican settlement. We drove through this part and passed the two modern stone churches that have been built on the site of the old Mission of San Juan. These buildings were not in harmony with the adobe houses of the Indians; but one of them was built by a priest out of his own money and the people think a lot of it.

It was wash day in the Pueblo. Some of the houses were almost covered with bright pieces of cloth. Lines criss-crossed in all directions and every color waved in the breeze.

We went into one little house where an old woman and her blind husband were hulling corn. They would take two cobs from the pile, strike them together and rub them vigorously and the kernels would fly all over the room. This corn was different from any I had ever seen. It was as varied in color as the washing, being white, yellow, orange, red, purple, blue, black and variegated. That is why their bread is all different colors.

The San Juan Indians used to be great pot-

ters; they made a very beautiful, highly polished red and orange ware, also a black and gray. It is just about impossible to get it now. At present they only make a crude type, sometimes mixing bits of mica with it like the Apache pottery.

Leaving San Juan we followed the Rio Grande Valley again and on to the little town of Española. There are a great many ranches around there and it must be wonderful to see the fruit trees in bloom in the spring. Two miles from Española we came to the Pueblo of Santa Clara.

Now one of Dad's best Indian friends lives there. He has three names; his Indian name is O-yé-gā-pai, his Spanish name is Santiago Naranjo and the English translation of that is Jim Orange. They call him too, the Sage of Santa Clara because he is so old (he looks over eighty) and he knows so much about his people.

He is a short man with white hair tied on either side of his head with strips of beaver fur. He wears the ordinary store clothes, but also a necklace of beads and shells and big

Strings of Chili and Piles of Colored Corn

silver earrings. His usual expression impresses one as being very patient and rather sad, but when he laughs he almost closes his eyes and his whole face is a mass of jolly wrinkles.

While we were standing there talking to him, women from all over the Pueblo came running with baskets filled with pottery. They had made a circle around us. It appears that every time they hear a car they all rush out of their houses loaded down with their ware which they sell to the tourists. The Santa Clara pottery is very popular. There are so many different shapes and it is always a fine glossy black.

It is all right to sell their pottery, but we hated to see the little children dressed up in cheap headdresses and wanting to be paid for posing for their pictures. Santiago soon told them not to bother us as we were his friends.

We went down to the church which fortunately closely follows the old mission style. Santiago told us that once when he was governor, they wanted to replace the old doors that had been in the original church with

modern ones. He had insisted that they be kept as they were all that they had left from the old church that caved in. It is a good thing that he did this as so many of the examples of native wood-carving have been sold and shipped out of the country.

After going through the Pueblo we followed Santiago to his house. It is a queer mixture of the modern and the old. The walls of the large single room were painted a bright blue; cloth was tacked over the ceiling beams; there was the usual little corner fire place with its wing-wall; and on the walls hung pictures of the saints in ornate tin frames and near them, suspended from wooden pegs, were his jewelry and fetishes. The place was very clean and neat,—he told us that his daughter was keeping house for him.

He went on to say that his wife had died about a year ago and that he was very lonely. He said that sometimes he would look up expecting to see her attending to her usual tasks about the home. Finding himself alone, he could not bear to remain indoors so he would go out and walk in the mountains;

but when he came back and she wasn't there to greet him, he became more lonely than ever.

"Me awful hard here," the poor old man said as he put his hand on his chest. He thought that if he went away for a while he might feel better. Mother at once asked him to come up and see us in Mesa Verde. He was delighted and said that he would surely be there.

I asked him if the Santa Clara Indians had always lived on the site of the present Pueblo. He then told me that the old pueblo of Puyé, now in ruins, had been built by his people and after they left there they went to a place about a mile west of his home. That got him started on ruins, and he pointed to Black Mesa and told us that his ancestors had lived on the top of it for a short period during the Pueblo Rebellion.

He went back to Española with us and during the ride he talked to Dad. He said that before he died he wanted to see his people taking care of themselves, that is, owning their own land and being independent. The Santa Clara Indians have their own reservation, but

at the present time the Pueblo is divided and each party elects a governor every year. They are continually fighting over the cane, the symbol of office presented by President Lincoln to the governor of each Pueblo. There are a few people who feel that it is to their advantage to keep them stirred up and it is a shame.

Santiago has made several trips to Washington. He realizes that his people must progress with the times, the children must go to school and all, but he does want them to hold together and just be happy.

He showed us a picture of his son and said with pride that he was now a painter in California; but he added a little regretfully, that he wished that he had wanted to be a farmer and stay at home.

Then as we said good-bye, for we were to spend the night in the little hotel, he told us that he wanted to sing a little song for us. He explained that it was an old custom among the Pueblo Indians when good friends parted one sang a song for luck. After singing it, he translated it. Here it is:—

"Ah, Nus-sa-baum,
Ah, Mrs. Nus-sa-baum,
Ah, ah, ah, Deric Nus-sa-baum,
You ma frien's.
I you frien'
Now we are together.
Soon we go on differen' roads,
You one way,
Me one way,
Then I remember you ma Frien's."

CHAPTER IV

THE COMANCHE DANCE

THE first thing we did when we got to San Ildefonso was to visit Marie and Julian Martinez who are old friends of Dad's. Marie has the reputation of being, and is, the finest pottery maker of all the Pueblo Indians. Her husband, Julian, is an artist. It's a great combination. She makes the pottery and he puts the designs on it. He also makes drawings and paintings of the ceremonial dances and kiva designs.

We met him in front of his house and after

exchanging greetings and learning how his whole family was, Dad asked if they were making good in the pottery business.

Julian said that a few years ago some officious people thought that the time the Indians "wasted" making pottery should be used in tilling the fields and getting bigger crops. He explained that Marie and himself had earned over twice as much as the rest of the Pueblo.

With great pride he took us into his garage and showed us his new car. He told us that he hadn't liked the color so he painted it again. It was a light gray-blue with designs in red and yellow and black all over it.

Just then Marie came out, a big box in either hand. Julian put them in the car, and told us that he took two or three loads every week into Santa Fé to be shipped to different parts of the country.

They invited us into their home. Their house is a good deal larger than most Indian houses. It is a one-story adobe, or sun dried mud brick building with bright red and blue doors. We entered the combination living

room and shop. A big table and shelves occupy one end and on these the pottery is exhibited. There were rows of the beautiful, highly polished black ware and also a number of equally fine red pieces.

Julian's paintings and drawings hung on the walls; and they had many photographs of themselves taken at different times.

A large kitchen was off this room and it seemed strange to see a Mexican woman working for Marie. It is all right of course, but the Mexican woman wore the regular modern clothes while Marie was very gorgeous in a pink and blue velvet and silk festival dress and brown moccasins.

There were lots of people visiting her and they kept going into the bed rooms and kitchen. We soon learned the reason.

In one corner of the living room there was a large ceremonial drum. I asked Julian if it belonged to him. He told me that it did, and that, as he was one of the musicians of the Pueblo, he would use it that very afternoon. They were going to give the Comanche Dance.

We were certainly fortunate to have struck

Marie and Deric (San Ildefonso)

that day. The Comanche Dance is given only once in two years and everybody for miles around, that can arrange it, goes to see it.

As there was about an hour before the Dance was to begin we decided to walk around the Pueblo and see some of Dad's other friends. We went into many of the houses. You can't imagine how queer it seemed to see white curtains at the windows, linoleum on the floors, and to hear phonographs playing jazz, and then the Indians all dressed up for their holiday with red paint on their cheeks and lots of beads and silver jewelry.

We went back to the big plaza and discovered that the people were arriving. There were saddle horses and wagons and a great many automobiles of all kinds. Among these we noticed a specially fine car. Julian, who was with us, said that it belonged to a Santa Clara Indian, in fact Santiago's nephew. He had married a very rich Oklahoma Indian and they lived on a big ranch out of Española and had a slew of cars. He told us also that they had no children of their own, but that they had adopted quite a number. There

were three little girls with them each wearing a very expensive fur coat.

That is one fine thing about all of the Indians, no matter what tribe; when they are well to do they always take some of the children of their less fortunate relatives or friends and bring them up. They are treated exactly like one of their own family.

Just then we saw a fat old Indian wrapped in a red blanket and armed with a big club. It was Agapito, another of Dad's friends. He could only speak to us for a minute then, and had to rush back to the kiva taking Julian with him. He was the official guard or policeman and during the dance he kept the crowd at a respectful distance. He really is a jolly old fellow, but he certainly looked fierce when he waved his stick, and you bet the people minded him.

All at once we heard the sound of the drums announcing that the dancers were leaving the kiva. There were twelve men and ten women. The men wore buckskin skirts or kilts; some of them had dangles made of tin fastened around the bottom and they sounded like little bells when they danced.

They all had on big feathered headdresses and moccasins with a fringe of long black hair around their ankles. Their faces, arms and bodies were painted different colors. They carried a rattle in one hand and in the other, a long pole with a strip of cloth fastened to it lengthwise and many feathers attached to that.

The women wore brilliantly colored squaw dresses and very gay shawls hanging down their backs. They had bunches of feathers tied on either side of their heads and their black hair was filled with little white feathers. These women were just loaded down with beads and jewelry.

The ceremony was divided into four parts, the first beginning a little after twelve and the last ending at sun down. During the main part of the dance the women would stay more or less stationary, marking the rhythm with their feet and the turkey feathers they carried in each hand, and the men would wind in and out and around them in a very active manner. The musicians sang and beat their drums almost continuously. I wondered how they had the strength to do it.

From where we were standing we could see

the dancers and the kiva back of them, and in the distance, the great Black Mesa. After the dancers returned to the kiva for the second time, and there was a good while before the next performance, we decided to climb it; that is, Dad and I did; Mother was to wait in the car for us.

Now the Black Mesa or Tuyo, as the Indians call it, is just about midway between San Ildefonso and Santa Clara. Some people say that it is a volcanic upthrust and others think that the surrounding country has washed away leaving the hard lava rock standing. It is easy to understand why it got the name of Black Mesa. All the other cliffs and mesas are of a pinkish tufa and marl, so it stands out alone, a well known landmark.

A road runs right past it. Dad turned off into a sandy arroya near the bottom and we looked around for the old trail to the top.

Dad and I climbed up through a natural draw on the southern side. It was awfully hard walking up the steep talus as the lava rocks would slip and slide and some would roll clean to the bottom. It took us a good

Comanche Dance

twenty minutes to reach the narrow passage way that led between two jagged cliffs. We had to climb up on several ledges, but we finally got to the top.

The first thing we did was to walk out on a point and call down to Mother. It was really hard to realize that we had climbed up that far, the car looked so small.

The Mesa top contained about three acres and I don't think that there was a square ten yards on the whole place that didn't have a ruin on it. It was literally covered with little mounds near which were river boulders and broken bits of pottery. In just a few minutes I picked up a whole cap full of pot sherds, pieces of flint and two obsidian arrow-heads.

We noticed the remains of an old stone wall on one of the points just over the trail. Dad told me that it must have been built by the Indians as a defense wall during the time of the great Pueblo Rebellion, which began in 1680.

He said that when the Indians first went on the warpath the Spaniards killed about seventy of them and seized a great deal of their corn and food stuffs. The inhabitants

of all the Pueblos around there, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Tesuque, Nambé and many others, took refuge on Black Mesa.

I could just see some old boy back of that wall heaving rocks on the Spaniards. The Indians must have showered them with arrows too. The Spaniards said that they had to give up the attack on account of the bad weather and lack of ammunition. They did have pretty bad luck because both of their cannons exploded after the first shot.

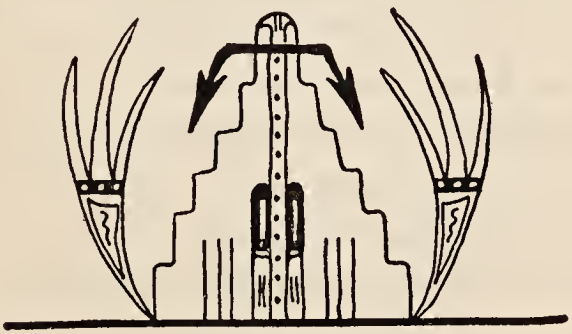
The Indians lived up there from March until September when the Spaniards returned with about a hundred and fifty Queres Indians to help them and they began a regular siege. They had to surrender of course as there is no water on the top of Black Mesa.

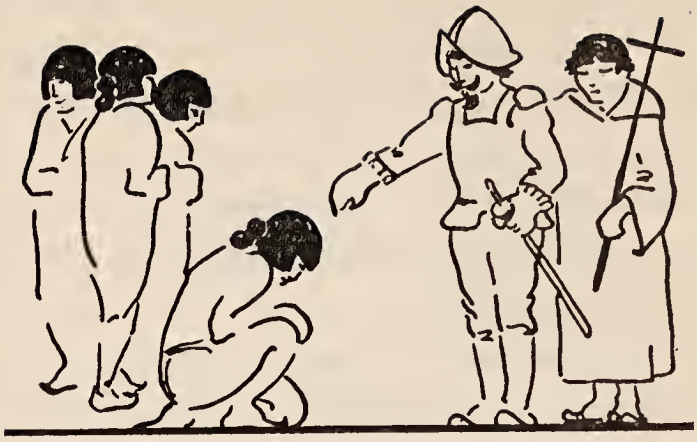
As we walked around we noticed that the formation was porous and that water seeps through and the surface dries while the rest of the country is knee deep in mud. Even the cactus looked scraggly on account of the dryness. There is one lone, stunted cedar tree almost in the center of the top and it isn't any more than holding its own.

On the west side there is a stone that looks like a huge river boulder. In it the Indians had hollowed out two depressions for catching rain water. It seemed to work rather well as both Dad and I were able to get a drink there, but it would have been no more than a taste for a village.

On a smooth rock, almost at the end of one of the points, we found a pictograph. Probably some Indian sentinel carved it there when he was watching for the Spaniards. From this place we could see the country on all sides. We could trace the Rio Grande from its canyon and on south.

We hated to climb down, but Mother was waiting for us, and too, we wanted to make Santa Fé that night.





CHAPTER V

THE OLD CITY OF THE CONQUERORS

SANTA FE is just about a second home for me. My grandmother and uncle live there now and we used to have a ranch in the Tesuque Valley about four miles out of town. Since we have made our home in the Mesa Verde National Park, I have visited my grandmother several times and have twice been a pupil in the Santa Fé schools.

Of course we had a fine time when we landed at grandmother's house, and after a

very late dinner we planned our other trips. Santa Fé is like the hub of a wheel. Roads lead out in all directions to the modern Indian Villages and to the old ruined ones.

There is a great deal of discussion as to which is the oldest town in the United States, Santa Fé or St. Augustine in Florida. Both were founded by the Spanish.

When I was old enough to take an interest in the early Spanish history of our part of the country, I read a lot of books and stories on it, and I was surprised to find that it is a series of adventures instead of the dry facts I had supposed it to be.

Santa Fé was the first permanent settlement north of Mexico. The colony was founded by Oñate in 1605 and was given the name of la Cuidad Real de Santa Fé de San Francisco. They certainly liked long names.

The Palace of the Governors was built shortly after the people were settled and it is now a part of the State Museum. Dad repaired this old building several years ago and two interesting finds enabled him to restore it to almost its original form. First, an early

plan of the old Palace was discovered in the British Museum in London; and then Dad uncovered an old carved corbel when they were fixing one of the thick walls. This made it possible for him to restore the long portal or porch with its two towers and the many heavy wooden columns with the carved corbels above them just as it was when the Spanish Governors occupied it. Wherever they had to dig in the patio or court behind the building, they ran into skeleton after skeleton, probably the remains of those who got in trouble with the governors.

The Franciscans established the first missions in the Southwest. They were a pretty plucky bunch as most of the first ones were killed by the Indians. They never gave up for long, but went right ahead building their churches and trying to make Christians out of the natives.

The little old church of San Miguel in Santa Fé is said to be the oldest in our country. They had to put a new roof on it of course, but the walls are the same. It is treasured as a relic of the old days. There

are lots of stories about it and the things it contains, but the one about the bell is the most interesting to me.

This old bell, which they keep in the church, weighs seven hundred and eighty pounds and is four inches thick. On the outside is the inscription "San José ruega por nosotros" which translated means "Saint Joseph pray for us." The old sacristan said that when the Spaniards were fighting the Moors in 1356, they kept losing battle after battle, so the people made a bell which they dedicated to Saint Joseph. They brought all of their ornaments and jewelry and threw them into the melting pot with the other metals; and when the bell was cast, in its tone was "the richness of gold and the sweetness of sacrifice." It rang out the victory of the Spanish over the Moors. Later the Padres brought it over the ocean to Mexico, then to Santa Fé and put it in the little Mission of San Miguel.

There were several interesting chapels in Santa Fé and the most noted was the military chapel of "Our Lady of Light" which was destroyed. Its great altar piece was cut from

rock by some Spanish monk and is the finest example of early sculpture in New Mexico. It is still perfect having been taken down and rebuilt in a small room behind the big altar in the modern cathedral of Saint Francis. It's a shame that hardly anyone ever sees it. And few people know that the big cathedral itself was built over the old adobe church and when its walls were finished they took down the adobe walls and hauled them out of the front door. That is the main part, the rest is the old and has some beautiful wood carving in it.

One of the most dreadful things was the great Pueblo Rebellion which began in 1680.

A friar who was in charge of the convent in San Ildefonso thought that the Indians had bewitched him because he suffered in several peculiar ways. As a punishment, almost fifty Indians were sold into slavery and four others were hanged. This started the discontent.

There was an Indian from the Pueblo of San Juan named Popé who had a very strong character and became the leader of all the Pueblos. At first he simply wanted justice,

The New Museum

but later he got busy and stirred up the feeling that caused the revolution.

He was very clever and he knew how superstitious his own people were; so one night when there was a great gathering of Indians from all over, he got two medicine-men to cover their bodies with a certain phosphorescent matter. They danced about and told the people that they must do whatever Popé said. Popé wanted the Indians to drive the white men from their land and he told them that the two shining beings were messengers from the gods.

He took pieces of string and tied the same number of knots in each piece. These he gave to the men from the different pueblos, telling them to untie one knot every day and when they came to the last one they were to kill every white person they could find. He thought that if they would all strike at once the whites could not escape.

Two Indians from Tesuque warned the priest there and he hurried to the Palace in Santa Fé and told the Governor. They had hardly time to gather together when the Indians fell upon them. Out of the five hundred

Spanish living there at the time, only a small number escaped to El Paso and into Mexico.

The Indians just went wild over their victory. They plundered and burned most of the buildings. They made thousands of offerings to their old gods, promising to pay no more attention to the Christian religion. They went to a little stream and thoroughly washed themselves to remove every trace of the Christian baptism. And then they held a big dance.

The Spaniards were not able to regain the country until eleven years afterwards. Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan, the newly appointed Governor, got together quite a little army and came up from Mexico. The Indians had started to fight among themselves and this helped him. He took Santa Fé and drove the Indians out of the old Palace where they had been living. He established his new government, and it was de Vargas who finally made the Indians on Black Mesa surrender, and that put an end to the Rebellion.

There are a good many splendid stories about the old Santa Fé Trail. I have heard my great-uncle tell how he came with his

father, my great-grandfather, when he was a little boy. There was fighting then all right. The last time I stayed with my grandmother I rode all over the hills and out the Pecos road which was the path of the old route.

This Pecos Road was a very lively place during the Civil War. After the war with Mexico the land that is now New Mexico and Arizona was ceded to our Government. The great majority of the people were Unionists, but because of poor organization, the part that is New Mexico was gradually being taken over by the so-called "Texas Rangers." Then came the timely assistance of the Colorado "Pike's Peakers." They won the decisive battles of Glorietta and Pidgeon's Ranch. You can see the bullet holes in the old ranch house now.

I have a good collection of arrow points that I have picked up on Fort Marcy, just north of Santa Fé. It used to be the site of an old pueblo. There are lots of ruins all around in the hills.

Santa Fé is different from any other city in our country and that is one reason why the

people give a Fiesta every year. The whole town dresses up in Spanish or Indian costumes and for about a week they have plays and pageants and everything.

Long ago when de Vargas won the battle that made Santa Fé a Spanish possession again, he had a little church built on the place where he camped. This is called the Rosario Chapel. In it he had placed the statue of the Virgin that he carried with him. It was afterwards called Our Lady of Victory. On the Sunday after Corpus Christi the statue is carried about the streets and crowds of people follow it. So the first processions were religious. Then the people decided that they would act out the coming of de Vargas, and later they invited the Indians from the surrounding Pueblos to give some of their dances. And now in August of every year the Fiesta is given.

CHAPTER VI

THE GOVERNOR'S CANES

THE Pueblo of Tesuque is a little over nine miles northwest of Santa Fé. We all piled into the car and went out there one afternoon.

After leaving the highway we had about a mile of pretty rough going until we crossed the creek bed and got to the outskirts of the village.

The Tesuque Indians have built their Pueblo around a big rectangular dance court and the houses are so close together that unless you

know the way it would be hard to enter it in a car.

The houses are mostly one story, but a few of the older ones have ladders going up to a smaller second story. The doors and window sash are painted every color imaginable and it gives it a gay appearance. The only thing that seemed out of place was the windmill.

This windmill is new and the Indians are very proud of it and gave it the place of honor in their dance court. Before they had it they had to get their water from the creek or little tricklet that runs along in the wide sandy creek-bed. The flow was usually very indefinite and even when it rained the water was muddy, of course the windmill is a good thing and the good water makes the people healthier.

They have a very primitive way of distributing the water. The windmill pumps it into a tank and the Indians climb a ladder and dip it out by the bucket full and carry it to the different dwellings. It was fun to watch some of the old fat squaws climb up the ladder and balance on the top. I thought

that some of them would surely fall in, but they were as spry as girls.

The Tesuque church is the largest building in the Pueblo. It is not one of the oldest ones, but it is very quaint and interesting. A priest comes out from Santa Fé and holds a service in it about once a week and on certain feast days. During these holy days the Indians always hold a dance and sometimes give them right in the church. They do not mean to be disrespectful; their dances are sacred to them, and they think it the right thing to do. These are usually animal dances. They give the buffalo, the deer and the antelope dance. The clowns or the Delight-Makers as they are called, stay outside of the building and ring bells of all sizes and shapes. This is supposed to keep the evil spirits away so that the people inside the church can pray in peace.

Juan is the governor this year. In the Pueblos a new governor is elected every January by the people of the village and he has charge of the government of the little settlement. The Cacique or Chief-Priest is really

the head, but he hardly ever has anything to do with visitors.

It was in Juan's house that I learned about the Governor's canes.

When the Spaniards first came up into what is now New Mexico and wanted to establish friendly relations with the Pueblo Indians, the Governor of Mexico gave a cane to the head man in each village. This gift was to show not only good feeling, but also meant that the man possessing the cane was the one to do business with. Much later, after the last Indian trouble, the chiefs of the principal Pueblos went to Washington and President Lincoln gave each one a cane. These canes are now passed on to each new governor.

The two Juan had were decorated with many pieces of ribbon and hung from a peg in the wall, and surrounded by holy pictures in tin frames and the family jewelry. He let us look at them. The Lincoln cane was of ebony with a silver head on which was engraved, "Abe Lincoln, Pres. To Tesuque, 1863." The other cane was of course much older; it was very long and of some reddish

The Rain God Maker

wood, and it had a head and long pointed tip of brass. Nothing was written on it and I could not find out when it was given.

When we first went into Juan's house he was busy making drums. He had been steaming thin, narrow strips of wood. These he bent into a circle, and after lacing them in place, he left them to dry in front of his little fireplace. There were drums all over the room in different stages of completion. Some had damp rawhide stretched over one side of the wooden frame and fastened with gut; others had their first coat of paint. I think his favorite colors were lemon yellow and bright green. Those that were finished and decorated were suspended from the roof beams ready for sale.

Juan is a queer old fellow and he used to be with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He said that he had traveled all over the United States, and had even gone to Europe; and when Mother asked him which place he liked the best, he said the Bowery.

After leaving his house we went in search of Pauline, an Indian girl Mother used to

know. We found that she had married an Indian artist and lived in a new house in one of the little streets off of the dance court. We saw a young girl and we asked her if she would show us the way. She turned out to be Pauline's younger sister and she took us to her house at once.

The little woman was huddled up near the fire and her two small children were asleep on some blankets in a corner of the room. She did not get up when we first entered and her sister told us that she was almost blind. She had trachoma.

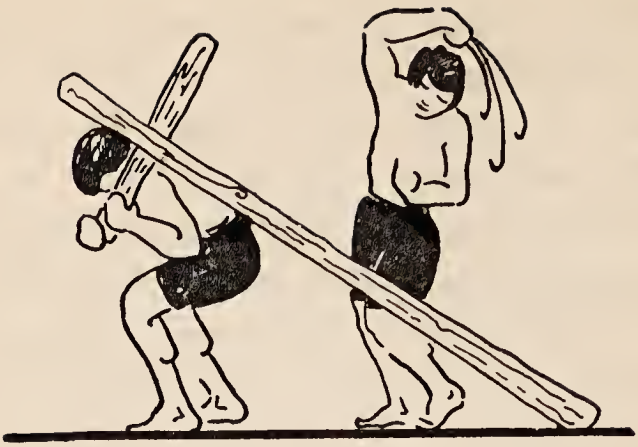
After we left, Mother said that she used to be a very pretty girl. She isn't over twenty-five now, but because she was so sad she looked much older.

This trachoma is an awful eye disease and so many of the Indians have it. It will be a good thing when they put a doctor and a nurse in each village and it can be taken care of.

In a little house farther on we saw a jolly old squaw making clay images called "Rain-Gods." They are really not used by the

Indians, but are souvenirs for the tourists. We talked to the woman and watched her make the funny little things. She would take a small piece from the big lump of clay at her side and roll it between her hands, give it a pinch and she had a leg. In the same way she made the arms. She shaped the head and the body and the bowl that the little effigy held. Then she put the different parts together and I don't think that the whole process took over ten minutes.

She had some of the little figures drying near the fireplace and others on shelves. They had to be dried slowly before the firing and were painted afterwards. I believe that the old woman really enjoyed making them, she laughed more than any Indian I have ever known.



CHAPTER VII

ACROSS AN OLD OCEAN BOTTOM

OUR next trip was to Nambé Pueblo.

It was a bright sunny morning and the burros we passed on the road a little way out of town, jogged along a lot livelier than usual. They were heavily loaded with fire wood, and the Mexicans that drove them smoked and talked cheerfully to each other. We passed a woman with a couple of chickens under her arms. She was going to market and would exchange her chickens for coffee and sugar I guess. Most of the Mexicans

living on their little farms are perfectly content to work just enough to buy the food they need and some clothes. They wear any old thing on week days, but on Sunday, when they go to church, the women must have their black fringed shawls and the men a good suit of clothes and a tall, wide-brimmed hat.

Soon we came to that queer formation known as Camel Rock. It is really a very small hill with a strange shaped pillar of rock at one end. It looks exactly like a kneeling camel.

Camel Rock is in the four hundred square mile stretch of bad-lands, between the Jemez and the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. It is the bed of an old ocean and goes back to the Miocene period. The Rio Grande River and the wind and the rain and the frost have broken down and borne away the upper deposits that had accumulated through centuries.

Scientists have found the bones of animals that roamed over that country two million years ago. They were able to identify the remains of tiger-like dogs, rhinoceros, three-

toed ponies, tapirs that resembled horses, great bears and mastodons; but the queerest thing of all is that they really found the bones of a kind of prehistoric camel right at the base of Camel Rock.

We passed Cuyamunque, a little Mexican village built on the site of an old Indian pueblo, and then to Pojoaque. This also used to be an Indian village, but is now a Mexican town with ranches all around it.

Here we turned off of the main road and went up a very steep hill; a little farther on we came to the big modern church and to the north of it was the old ruined Mission.

We drove over quite near and parked the car. The carved roof beams and all of the timber had been taken out of the church and sold, so only the walls were left. The Indians made the adobes or mud bricks for this church and pieces of pottery were mixed with them. We saw too, that the church had been wall-papered at one time. Just as we were leaving, Dad noticed on a pile of rocks and rubbish an unusually well adzed board. On close examination it proved to have been part

of a wall, as one side was covered with stained and faded wall-paper. It had been out there in all kinds of weather for years and the paper had begun to peel off one corner. There was a red scroll painted on the board and as we lifted more of the paper with a pen-knife, we saw that a lovely old Santo, or early painting on wood, was underneath.

Now the rubbish in the heap was being used for fires by the poor family of Mexicans that lived nearby. We were fortunate in having come along as otherwise it would have been burned and they were just as satisfied with a little change.

Nambé was only three miles farther on. This is a very pretty little place built on either side of a winding creek bed. The road is on the sandy bed except when it rains, then there isn't one. There are only about fifteen full-blooded Indians left as most of them have intermarried with the Mexicans, and the village is now considered mostly made up of half-breeds and Mexicans.

As we came near the kiva we saw about a dozen people and some school children, Mex-

had certainly gotten off the road. We told them where we were bound for and asked them if they wouldn't like to see the shrine. They really seemed quite glad to go along. We pulled on ahead and with them following, we came to Chimayó.

Santuario is the Lourdes of this country. A long time ago it is said that Christ appeared to some people gathered together for prayers. After this the earth where He stood had a wonderful healing power. People came from all over the country to be cured. Then a man by the name of Bernardo Abeyta, built a little church over the spot.

The caretaker guided us into the church. It is a strange little place with old paintings on the walls and a number of statues. Some of these were dressed up like dolls and had little straw hats on their heads. There were tin candle holders on the walls too, and against them were beautifully carved chests that must have been older than the church itself, but best of all were the old doors. They were very large and of a great age.

After looking at everything in the chapel,

the man took us into the shrine. We were surprised to find only a bare little room with a big hole in the floor. The man told us that it had been dug by pilgrims who took a little away with them. He said that many people come each year.

Now the custom is to visit first the church and the shrine of Santuario and then to go to another little chapel in Chimayó and place a new pair of child's shoes on a small altar. In the morning a pair of old worn shoes is found in the place of the new ones, and it is believed that a little child saint wears them out in the night performing good work.

Chimayó is a little Mexican town and the people there weave very good blankets. We stopped in a few places and watched the men and women weaving.

On our way to Santa Cruz we passed a morada which is a Penitente meeting place and chapel. The Penitentes are a religious organization who believe in self inflicted punishment, and in their moradas they keep all of their whips and ceremonial things.

They are pretty much all over New Mexico

and even up into Colorado, but their main moradas are between Pojoaque and Taos. There are ten officers for each morada and they call themselves "The Brothers of Light."

Just before Easter is their great time. "The Older Brother" calls the members together, he is a kind of director. "The Warden" gets everything in the morada ready and also punishes anyone that needs it. "The Helper" washes and cleans the whips. "The Nurse" looks after any sick members. They have "The Secretary" and "The Assistant Secretary" who read the rules; "The Teacher" instructs beginners, and "The Pricker" who puts the Penitente seal on the backs of the members. He takes a piece of glass or sharp stone and makes three gashes the full length of their backs and three the full width. Then there is "The One Who Prays," "The Fluter" who plays a flute during the ceremonies. This and a wooden rattle are the only things like music used.

They used to really crucify one of the members, but they have had to give that up.

Now they just tie him to a cross and beat him until he is almost dead.

On Good Friday they form a procession and several of the men only wear short pants and as they march along they whip themselves with whips made from the yucca, or else with ones of woven wire and chain.

The Penitentes are a secret group and they say the only way to tell one is to slap him on the back after Easter.

There were four crosses against the wall of the morada. I lifted one and I don't see how a man could carry it for miles as they do. It was awfully heavy, but Dad said that they were smaller and lighter than those generally used. There is a main cross in front of each morada and usually another on the top of a nearby hill. If you climb to that one, you would see still another and so on for miles. These are the Stations of the Cross and on Good Friday the procession follows this trail.

From there we went to Santa Cruz which was the second permanent Spanish settlement in New Mexico. It was founded in 1695 and they built the church at once, but that fell

to ruin and the present one was built. It dates from 1733 though, and you know it's old when you walk through the graveyard.

It was the habit then to bury in front of the church and as we walked across the court there were quantities of old human bones in every direction. So many had been buried there that they had gone right through old graves when digging the new ones.

They have made several changes in the old church that certainly detract from its architectural value. A tin roof just does not look right on adobe walls.

This is like a story I heard.

Several years ago a wealthy family bought a ranch near Santa Cruz. They visited the church of course, and were horrified at the old, crudely carved statue of the Mother of Christ that was in it. They at once decided to replace it with a new one.

A few weeks passed and the new statue arrived. It was made of plaster and very pretty, being painted blue and white and gold. They went over to the church one night and put it up and they took the old one to their

home. They thought that the people would be so surprised and pleased.

The next day some of the leaders of the village came to the wealthy people and instead of thanking them, they demanded the return of their old image. After they got it they put it in its place and carted the new statue back to the ranch. The people tried to explain, but the old men would not heed them.

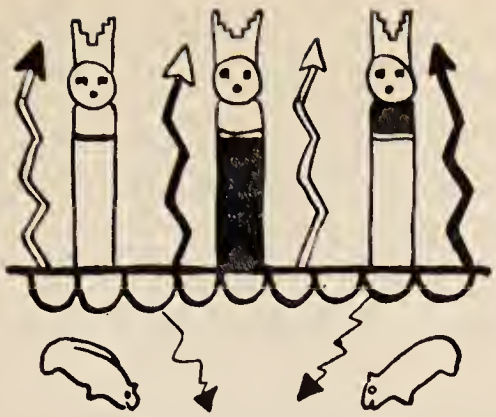
The next day they returned to the ranch and they brought a young girl with them.

"Where is your mother?" they asked the young man who opened the door.

"She is in the house," he replied. "What do you want my mother for?"

"We want to take your mother away, she is old and ugly. We have brought this girl for you, she is young and pretty. Maybe you will love her more than you do your old, ugly mother."

It was very direct reasoning anyway.



CHAPTER VIII

THE ABANDONED PUEBLOS

THERE are many wonderful ruins around Santa Fé and it is for that reason that the School of American Research, under the direction of Dr. Hewett, has its headquarters in the old Palace of the Governors. Some of the ruins have already been excavated and in others the work is still going on. There are many that haven't been touched though, and I hope they will stay just as they are until I am older and can have a chance at them. About twenty years ago Dad helped

excavate the ruins of Puyé and the Rito de los Frijoles. He was with Dr. Kidder for a little while in Pecos, too.

Now although Puyé and Frijoles are called cliff ruins, they are quite different from the cliff ruins of Mesa Verde. In Mesa Verde the prehistoric Indians found the big caves and built their villages in them. In Puyé and Frijoles they built their terraced houses against the cliffs, and as the cliffs were of soft tufa rock, they hollowed out little rooms right in them. There are a few exceptions where ruins are found in caves, but for the most part, the ancient villages are on the canyon floors and the mesa tops.

The big rectangular pueblo of Puyé was built on the top of a long tongue-like mesa and below it they had other houses terraced against the cliff. Old Santiago of Santa Clara told me a lot about this place and that his people lived there centuries ago. The "Fred Harvey Indian Detour" is putting up a fine little field museum there so that the visitors can see what kind of pottery and things the old Indians of Puyé really used. It makes it

The Ceremonial Cave in El Rito de los Frijoles

ever so much more interesting seeing things right on the ground like that.

The Rito de los Frijoles, or the little River of the Beans, is the name given to the creek, the canyon and the most beautiful group of ruins near Santa Fé. It is not many miles from Puyé and the road going to it winds up over the mountains and through pine and cedar trees. It is a surprise to come to the very edge of a fairly deep canyon and find that the automobile has to be left on top. The trail or path goes right down the side and the first thing you come to is the little camp and hotel, for there are many visitors there in the summer time.

The largest ruin in the canyon is a circular one. The one story houses were around the court and the higher ones formed a kind of fort-like wall around the outside. There are lots of ruined houses where families or clans lived, built against the cliffs, but the most interesting thing is the kiva high up in the ceremonial cave.

Dad was the first person to climb up to the cave, so far as we know. He had an awful

time as it is very high in the almost perpendicular cliff wall. He finally made it and got ladders up so that others could see it. There is a fine circular kiva which Dad restored, and a number of rooms against the walls. Julian of San Ildefonso helped Dad do the work and after it was finished, Dad took a picture of him coming out of the entrance in the roof.

One of the finest books on the Southwest was written about this canyon and the early inhabitants. *The Delight-Makers* by Bandelier is a great story, and I can tell you I was glad that I had read it before going to see the ruins.

The day we went out to Pecos, which is east of Santa Fé while the other two are north and west, was awfully cold. I had been there before and had collected quite a bunch of the early pottery, but I got a lot more out of this trip because I knew more about the place.

On the way there, Dad showed me where a number of the battles of the Civil War had taken place. There was one funny little old

house near the road, it is known as Pigeon's Ranch. The man that first owned it was a Frenchman and spoke "Pigeon English" so he went by the name of Pigeon, but it really wasn't his name at all. There are just lots of bullet holes in the walls of the house.

Pecos was built on a low ridge in the middle of a big valley with mountains all around it. If it weren't for the adobe walls of the old mission church which are still standing, one would have a hard time finding it. Dr. Kidder is the head of the expedition that is excavating and studying the old ruin. He chose Pecos because it was one of the longest inhabited places in the Southwest and it was not until 1838 that it was finally abandoned. There were only thirteen Indians left and they went to live with the Jemez people.

It is awfully interesting the way archæologists can tell the age of a ruin. Of course they can't tell the exact year, but they can come pretty close to it. Near every ruined village there is always a rubbish heap. Trash has been piling up ever since the first people lived there. Now what they do is to dig a

trench right through it. On the top or a little way down they find the more modern things and the very early pottery and things at the bottom.

Dr. Kidder knew when the last people left Pecos and he called the pottery he found on or near the surface, old modern. Going deeper he found six different types of glaze ware and the black-on-white, which is very old, at the bottom.

There was a large village built around a rectangular court with kivas and everything like the pueblos today. Pecos, or Cicuye as it was called, was at its best when Coronado discovered it. He said that there were ten thousand Indians there, but there were probably about two thousand, which is a big pueblo.

After Coronado left Tiguex, he pushed on to Pecos and expected the Indians to house and feed his army. They didn't want to do it of course, so they got one of their slaves, an Indian from the plains that they had captured, to lead them away after gold.

The Spaniards were just crazy about gold and silver, and when they asked the Pecos

The Cliff Houses of Frijoles

Indians if they knew where they could find yellow metal, they said "Yes." They also told the white men that in the same country to the East, they would find the hunch-back cows. They meant the buffalo.

The Spaniards were all excited and started off after their guide whom they called the Turk. On and on they went until they got to the plains of eastern Kansas. There was another Indian with them who told them that the Turk was just leading them away from the pueblos, as the Indians wished to get rid of them. When they met the Plains Indians and found out that there was no gold in the country, they made the Turk confess.

They returned to Pecos greatly disappointed, and after leaving two priests there, departed southward for Mexico. The Indians were hostile though and killed the priests just as soon as the soldiers left.

In Mr. Lummis's *Pueblo Indian Folk Tales*, there is a good story about the last of the Pecos people. The Indians really believe this legend although some villages tell it a little differently. It is something like this:

The Pecos people, with the exception of an old woman and four young men, all practiced black magic or witch-craft. They became so powerful that they decided to kill the five good people. They called them before the chief-priests and told them that they were to come to the kiva in four days and unless they could make a stronger medicine than the rest, they would have to die.

The good people did not know what to do, so two of the young men decided to go to other pueblos and ask the medicine-men for help. One went to the east, the other to the north. When the boy that had gone to the north had gone an awfully long way, he came to a huge mountain. He was dreadfully thirsty and looked every place for a stream or spring. He was almost dead when he called to a little rock-wren that he saw perched on a tree to help him. He really did not expect help and was greatly surprised when the little bird answered him and told him to wait and rest and that he would bring water to him.

The bird soon came back holding an acorn cup full of water in his claws. The boy

thanked the bird, but secretly thought that the few drops of water would scarcely wet his lips. The bird read his thoughts and told him to drink as much as he wished and that there would still be a lot left. The Indian drank and as the little wren had said, there was a lot of water left.

The bird then asked the boy where he was going and the poor fellow told his little friend of the trouble in Pecos and that he was on the quest for good medicine. The bird said that he could help him, but that he would have to do exactly as he directed.

They went to the top of a high mountain and the wren said, "Now we are at the top of the hill."

"No, we are at the bottom of it—down in it," said the youth just as the bird had directed.

They said this three times. Then suddenly a door opened and the little bird hopped through it. The boy followed and found himself in the presence of the Trues or gods. The Beings asked him what they could do for him and after he had told them about the

wicked people of Pecos and their plan to kill the five good ones, the oldest one said:

"Take this stick and when you five good people go into the kiva each put a hand on it. Let the others make their magic and they cannot harm you. When they have finished, you must sing a sacred song and we will do the rest. But remember to always keep your hands on the stick."

The boy thanked him, took the stick and left.

He returned at once to Pecos and late that same night the other boy came back and said that he had found nothing. When the five were together, the boy who had gone north, told the others of his wonderful experiences and showed them the stick. They were very happy.

When the day came for the contest, everyone went to the kiva. The wicked ones made their medicine first. They changed themselves into all kinds of animals and the five good Indians were forced to admit that it certainly was powerful medicine.

Then the five faithful ones went into the center of the kiva, still holding on to their stick. Just after they had started to sing, a

great storm came up and the kiva ladder, the only access to the opening in the roof, was suddenly and mysteriously pulled up. Then it rained and rained. The water poured into the opening in the kiva and drowned all of the people except the five that held on to the stick.

These five became so lonely in the great village that they finally left and joined friends in Jemez.

This legend is interesting mostly for the reason that the Pecos Indians really were killed by the water. Archæologists discovered that the main supply drained right through the main graveyard. The water must have given them typhoid or some awful sickness, as the records show that most of the inhabitants died at about the same time.

CHAPTER IX

THE DELIGHT-MAKERS

OUR next trip was to the two Keres Pueblos of San Filipe and Cochiti. We heard that there was to be a Koshare Dance at San Filipe that afternoon so we planned to visit Cochiti first, then stop for a picnic luncheon and continue on to San Filipe in time for the dance. We made my grandmother and uncle join us and after the luncheon basket, thermos bottles and the candy for the Indian children were packed in, we were off.

We took the highway south and at the foot

of La Bajada we turned to the right and followed the Cochiti road. For several miles it went ambling on over first one little hill and then another until we came to the bridge that crossed the Rio Grande, from there it was not far into the Pueblo.

There are lots of Mexicans in Cochiti. A few families settled there early in the nineteenth century and now their descendants form a large part of the village.

Cochiti seems to have been laid out at random. There is a fair size arroya that cuts it in two and the greater number of dwellings, the church and the two kivas are all on the northern side.

We stopped at a little trading post owned by a young Mexican fellow. He told us that the Governor was away, but to go around as the people liked visitors. We soon learned why the Indians of Cochiti are considered very friendly.

As we walked down the street several women ran out of their houses and invited us to come in. This we did as we were all interested in seeing how they lived.

Most of their houses are set back from the little street and have a small yard or court enclosed by a low adobe wall. In this court they nearly always have their baking oven and sometimes a little store-room. It was there that we first saw the drums.

Every Pueblo seems to have its own industry and in Cochiti it was certainly the making of ceremonial drums. These are quite big things made by covering both ends of a hollow log with rawhide and then adding the decorations. There were a number of logs cut to the right length in one of the courts and I saw how they made them. In the first place it had to be cottonwood, then the size was important. They averaged about twelve inches in diameter and fifteen inches to two feet in length. But it was the way they hollowed them that interested me. First, they gouged out a saucer-like depression in one end and filled it with red hot coals. This burned the hole through and seasoned the wood at the same time. The inside was then scraped to the proper thickness and the green hide laced on both ends. After they were

San Filipe—The Dance Court of the Delight Makers

thoroughly dry they were painted gay colors and ready for use.

In one house a man was trying out a new drum and singing for all he was worth. Pretty soon one little fellow, not over five years old, stuck a feather in his hair and started to dance, then another and so on until there was a string of them, all dancing as seriously as grown up men.

We found that the women make lovely pottery and were anxious to sell it. They acted as though they were rather hard up as they wanted us to buy not only their bowls, but also shell and coral beads and grass brooms. These brooms are just exactly like the ones we get in the cliff ruins in Mesa Verde. They make dandy hearth brushes and we were glad to get a couple.

Unfortunately we could not get into the church. We knew that it was one of the most interesting inside, but the metal roof and little cupola they put on it a few years ago, has spoiled the outside. I do hope that some day it can be restored to its original form, as it must have been a beauty.

San Buenaventura is the patron saint of the Pueblo and the Indians are awfully proud of the three statues of him and carry them about whenever they have a big dance. They look like absolutely different people and the oldest one, which is very ugly with wild mustachios, they like best.

From Cochiti we drove south over more of a trail than a road. We had luncheon on the bank of the river and Dad told us all about the Koshare or the Delight-Makers.

All the Indians of the Southwest have pretty much the same Creation Myth. They believe that in the beginning the living creatures were like mist-beings and they lived far down in the earth. The twin children of the Sun-Father led them up through several levels to the world of today and it was after the final development that they became like the different living things we see now. There was just one trouble, the people had a hard time being happy on their long journey, so the gods felt sorry for them and sent down god-priests whose business it was to make them laugh. These were the first Koshare or De-

light-Makers and they have become a very sacred priesthood in every Pueblo.

In some pueblos they are chosen each year. There are usually about ten, but the number varies with the size of the pueblo. These men have nothing to do, their fields are cultivated for them and their families are cared for. Everything they say means the opposite. For example, if you said, "good-day," they would answer "bad-night." If you gave them something to eat that was good, they would make a fuss and say that it was awful. That is why they are considered so sacred and they act like clowns.

We got to San Filipe about two and parked the car near the church. This has been restored and is certainly fine. But I'm afraid that I did not look it over as much as I should have, as I was so anxious to see the dance. There were some people going up the street ahead of us and we followed them.

A man and a boy came running down the street, then from a side alley-way another drove out twelve squealing baby pigs. They were all chasing them and of course we had

to help them out. When that many little pigs take a notion to run wild it's no joke to get them into a little pen. We had no sooner gotten over this excitement than another batch appeared and then another and we all decided that the Pueblo was just full of them.

As we looked at the houses we found out that every other man in San Filipe must have been a hunter and specialized in skunks. From the poles of the houses hung the black and white skins and needless to say the odor was pretty potent. We hurried along and soon the shouts of laughter told us that the dance had begun.

We went through a narrow passage way and there before us was the largest and finest dance court of all the pueblos. It is a big square with houses on all four sides and the strangest thing about it is that it gives the impression of having been scooped out as the foundations of the houses are fully four feet above the court. There is a narrow path around it and then it slopes quickly down to the lower level. Hundreds of Indians crowded on roof tops and sat on benches in front of

the houses. I never saw so much color, of course everybody had on his best and brightest blanket.

In Taos the men always wear white blankets and in Zuni black ones, but you can imagine how gay it was when even the Governor, who looked at least ninety, was wrapped in the pinkest pink blanket ever made.

We had hardly taken our places on a bench when we heard some shouting and a crowd of little Indian youngsters and a dozen or so yapping dogs ran into the court. They were soon followed by the queerest procession imaginable. Coming in couples were twenty dancers. The men were naked except for an old skin skirt, their bodies were daubed with gray clay and bands of black were painted around their arms, legs, chest and across their faces. Their long hair was tied over each ear with huge bunches of corn husks and around their necks were strings of bright yellow berries.

The biggest and fattest squaws in the Pueblo had been chosen for the women dancers. They wore black skirts, embroidered waists and the

shawls that hung down their backs were made of many bits of colored cloth and looked like patch-work quilts. They had very elaborate headdresses of yellow and green feathers and they carried feathers in their hands. Their faces were painted like the men's in a grotesque manner.

The dance was certainly comical and, although we could not understand what they were saying and singing about, it really was very funny. They would sometimes sing out of tune, they would get out of step and even trip and fall down.

Between the parts of the dance they had the most fun though. One old fellow got hold of a wheelbarrow and tore all over the place with it; he came suddenly up behind an old squaw and never stopped. Of course she sat in it and just squealed. Everyone nearly died laughing.

Then people started to throw bread and fruit to the dancers. There was an awful scramble, especially when a dog that looked and walked exactly like a young bear, got hold of a tortilla or bread-cake. One of the men

made a dive for the dog and it showed how tough a tortilla can be, because they both pulled with all their strength. The man was victorious and proceeded to eat his prize.

This got the others started and the men all rushed out into the audience and hugged the squaws. One awful looking old fellow made a dash in our direction and right there was when my grandmother left. Mother went with her of course, and we followed; but Dad and Unc and I hated to leave.

CHAPTER X

THE FEAST OF THE THREE KINGS

WE were in Santa Fé when we met Rafael, an old friend of ours from the Indian Pueblo of Santo Domingo. He told us that there would be a dance the next day.

"Tomorrow Reyes Day, muncho big fiesta. You ma frien's. Me ask you an' meybeso you come?" This was his invitation. We accepted of course.

The next morning we started on the twenty-eight mile trip to Santo Domingo. We had left Little La Bajada Hill in back of us and

were all looking forward to "The Descent" or Big La Bajada, when a huge gray coyote crossed the road just ahead of us and disappeared around one of the low hills. Although it was good coyote country, seeing one like that rather surprised us.

Soon we came to the lava covered ground that told of an old volcanic blowout and before we knew it, to the edge of the cliff. Far below us the valley stretched to the Sandia Mountains and the telephone poles made a straight black line across the plain.

The road zigzagged down to the valley and then straightened out and we were soon at the railroad station of Domingo. From there to the Pueblo we had to travel two miles of pretty rough road. I did not realize that we were near it until we were almost there, the mud houses are so exactly the color of the ground.

It is an interesting pueblo. There are only a few two-story houses, but it is laid out on more of a plan than the other Indian towns. It has three distinct streets; they are a little crooked, but perfectly good streets just the same.

The first thing that we saw was the church. It is queer how the Indians combine the white man's religion and their own beliefs. They had decorated the front of the Domingo church with two wild looking horses, one on either side of the door, and all of the woodwork was covered with rain-cloud and lightning designs in gaudy colors.

As we reached the village we heard singing. We drove to where the crowd was gathered and parked the car. I was afraid that we had missed something, but it seemed that the dance was just beginning.

Everyone was dressed in their best. The women wore shawls and bright colored costumes and the men had on checkered gingham trousers, fancy shirts—mostly of velvet—and all kinds of jewelry. After we got in with the crowd we saw four men dressed in dirty old union-suits. They had on big wigs and beards of sheep skin and their faces were painted black. They held old discarded tire casings which they crawled through every now and then.

We heard that a few years ago they used

poles with painted wooden horses heads attached to one end and they would hop about pretending to ride horseback; but since people have stopped riding horses so much and go about in automobiles, the Indians simply had to be up-to-date, so they now use the tires.

Directly behind the dancers were a lot more men with whiskers and blackened faces. One of them had a drum which he beat and the others sang.

Whenever an Indian wants to be funny he puts on some fake whiskers. It always tickles them to see a beard. And contrary to our way of thinking, anything very amusing is to them very sacred.

We found out afterwards that the original idea of the dance came from the church feast of The Three Kings, the kings that took the gifts to the Christ Child. The Indians got it all twisted. They had seen holy pictures and knew that the kings wore beards. They understood that it was a sacred thing and so they thought it ought to be funny. Then they knew that gifts were given and they

figured out that the dancers ought to be the ones to receive them.

Their method was this,—the singers and dancers, followed by all the rest of the village, would stop in front of a house. The singers would cry out in their language, "Throw us down gifts." The owners of the house who were on the roof, would answer, "Not until you sing and dance for us."

This was the usual introduction. Then the bewhiskered men sang with all their might and the clowns would crawl through their tires and dance about and carry on all kinds of antics. This delighted the crowd and they would shout with laughter.

After that the people on the house tops threw down their presents. There were shiny new cooking utensils, vegetables, bread, dishes, tobacco, baskets, blankets, glassware, pieces of cloth for dresses, fruit and every other thing imaginable. There was an awful scramble, everyone tried to grab the object nearest them. They were very good natured about giving things up though.

The most comical thing we saw was when

one poor old fellow got hit on the head with a tin wash tub and was so groggy that he had to be led home. He had one consolation, his head was harder than the wash tub because it made a dent in it. The Indians near us told us that it was all right because he drew the tub.

After watching them for awhile we went up to see Diego, Rafael's brother. He had been sick and was still confined to his house. He is a queer old fellow and is hipped on two subjects—turquoise and rheumatism. As we were leaving he gave us some beautiful pieces of turquoise drilled for earrings and watch fobs. Mother gave his little boy some small coins for candy and promised to send his wife a new dress so everything was even.

Rafael called for us and took us over to his house to see his wife and baby. As his wife's people are very well-to-do, their home is one of the best in the Pueblo. The one big room was kalsomined white with a dado or border around the base of the wall. This was made by mixing brown mud and mica flakes together and then painting it on the wall. The

bright particles gave it a very pretty appearance.

The fireplace was built against one side of the room. The small wing wall stepped up to a shelf and they had some pottery on it. The floor of the fireplace was like a saucer to keep the ashes from falling out into the room. They do all of their cooking there and bowls of food were steaming on the little raised hearth.

About five feet above the floor they had a long pole supported by pegs driven in to one of the walls; on this were their blankets and also their saddles and bridles. They had all of their church pictures and mirrors hanging above this, the mirrors were only for ornament as they could not see into them at that height.

There were a good many people in the room. Rafael's grandmother had a cold and was huddled up in a corner, wrapped in a number of blankets. People sat on the long bench that ran along one side and on which were piled the blankets they unrolled at night for their beds. Santa Ana, Rafael's wife, was holding her baby which was strapped to a

cradle board. She looked very gorgeous in an orange and yellow silk costume. It was her best dress she said.

Mother was interested in the baby and she told its mother how to wash its eyes. Santa Ana took such a shine to Mother that she gave her a necklace of shell and turquoise. When we were leaving, we told them what fine pottery they had and they emptied the drinking water out of a very old jar and made us take it along.

The next day we sent them a few presents.

After visiting Rafael we followed the crowd for a little while and were just thinking about leaving when we happened to see Tony. He is another of our Santo Domingo friends. He insisted that we go to his house and when we got there his mother invited us to stay and have dinner with them.

We did not know what to do. Dad said that it was getting late and we ought to be on our way back to Santa Fé, but they were all so kind, we didn't want to hurt their feelings. The old woman hustled about, and after making us sit down on little stools in

front of the fireplace, she brought out a large basket of bread and placed it on the floor in front of us. There were two kinds of bread, a very heavy and coarse bread and a rather stringy kind that looked greasy. Next she put a huge bowl filled with—stew? on the floor. Mother looked worried.

They were all very hungry and it was a feast day. The idea was to break off a piece of bread, scoop up as much stew as possible and put the whole thing in your mouth. We told them that we had had a late lunch and could not eat much, in fact only a little bread.

Dad said that we would have to hurry to get back before dark, so after saying good-bye all around we left.

The Domingo Indians have the reputation of being really hostile. A good many people go to see their Corn Dance, but if they try to take pictures they usually get their cameras broken to pieces. They were certainly perfectly fine to us and we made many new friends there.

CHAPTER XI

THE PUEBLOS OVER THE RIVER

WE said good-bye to my grandmother and uncle and started out for Santa Ana and Zia. We planned to go on to Albuquerque for the night and continue our trip west from there.

From Santa Fé we went south to Bernalillo and there we turned and crossed the Rio Grande on a narrow wooden bridge. A little way on the other side, Dad stopped the car and showed us what looked like a long, low hill.

It was a big surface ruin and covered what

would have been several city blocks. It is thought to be the ruined pueblo of Tigeux, the place where Coronado spent his first winter before going north to Pecos. I walked all over it and picked up pieces of pottery varying from early corrugated to a late glaze type. What I'd give to excavate it some day when I grow up!

Farther on we came down a steep hill and at the bottom was the Jemez River and Santa Ana on the opposite bank. The houses were white and stood out very plainly.

People had warned us about the river. There is a good deal of quicksand all through it and they can't locate any one spot as it keeps shifting. The water was not deep and, as I had on high water-proof boots, I walked across in front of the car. We didn't have a bit of trouble, but we could understand why not many cars tried it.

We had to climb a very steep bank and after passing some little shelters for animals, we came to a big, circular kiva. We parked the car in an open space near it and went in search of the governor.

We met a nice looking young man who explained to us in good English that all the men, with the exception of two old ones and himself, had gone hunting in the mountains. He said that they would not return before nightfall. He also told us that they went quite often in the winter to hunt. They get deer and rabbits mostly and it is not unusual to see strings of meat drying on the poles of their houses.

The governor not being home, the young man offered to take us to see his wife. He didn't want to take the responsibility of giving us permission to go around and take pictures but he thought that if the governor's wife said that it was all right, we could do so.

We went to see her. She was very nice and asked us if we didn't want the young man to go around with us. I think this was partly to keep an eye on us; but he was an intelligent chap and we were glad of his company.

Santa Ana is not spectacular or as large as some of the other pueblos, but it is my favorite. The river has kept most of the people away and although everything was

clean, there were no tin roofs and the people were so kind and friendly.

The young Indian told us that his name was Miguel. He wanted us to see his home first, so we followed him down one of the streets and stopped at a nice one story house. When we went in we saw his mother-in-law making matzé or paper-bread. The fireplace was different from the corner ones in the other pueblos and much larger. It was simply a hearth with a big hood. A smooth, black stone about fifteen by twenty-four inches was supported by low stones and under and about this were hot wood coals.

We watched the old squaw make the bread. She sat on the floor with a huge bowl filled with a thin batter on one side and a basket-tray on the other. She would dip her fingers in the batter and pass them rapidly over the hot stone and almost immediately she would lift off the big, paper-thin cake. These she piled in the basket. And it took a large pile too, as one big piece is no more than a mouthful.

After seeing Miguel's pretty wife and baby,

we walked around the pueblo. It has three good streets and a number of cross passage ways. There were two kivas and a beautiful old church. The church, like the one in Zia, has been restored. A group of people interested in preserving the early mission architecture has raised a fund so that artists and architects, with the voluntary help of the Indians, could go ahead and repair and restore the churches as they were when the Spanish first built them.

We stopped at one very prosperous looking house. A little old woman was kneeling on the floor and smoothing a big flat rock for matzé bread. She had a little bowl filled with clay by her side and she would pour some on the big rock and then rub it with a smaller one for all she was worth.

Miguel spoke to her and she stopped her work and asked us to come in. As we went in to a very large room she rushed over and closed a door leading to another. We caught a glimpse of an old Spanish chest and on the wall above it were hung ceremonial masks and other sacred objects. Her husband must

have been the cacique of the pueblo. They were wealthy, for Indians, as she had beautiful pieces of pottery and fine rugs all over the place.

The floors in Santa Ana were all a shiny black, much like black pottery, and as hard. Dad told me that after they are leveled and smoothed, the Indians pour blood on them and the women rub and rub them with flat stones.

We saw so many good pieces of pottery that Mother thought that she would like to get a bowl or jar. Dad asked Miguel if he knew of any for sale and he said that he had a few pieces himself. Then he took us to his father's wonderful old storehouse.

It was a small detached building and very old. Miguel had stopped at his house and gotten the key and, as he fitted it into the rusty old lock, I felt as though going to see some kind of treasure-trove. The place was dark and dirty, and most of the things hadn't been moved for years. As we became accustomed to the dim light we saw stacks of green skins on the floor, and drying over a

rope that had been nailed to the roof beams were the tails of the animals. An old carved gun rack was hanging from pegs in one wall and on another, were old santos, or paintings on wood and several of the old black crosses with designs in cut straw stuck on them with pine gum.

Then back of a lot of things we found the bowls. There were several large storage jars of Santo Domingo ware and some smaller ones from Zia; but the one we got was a big Santa Ana bowl with a beautiful design on it. It was so old that they had bound it around the rim with strips of rawhide.

About this time Dad began to get excited. Not that he showed it, but I knew. Afterwards he told me the reason. Hanging on the wall in one corner was what looked like about twenty coils of carefully braided leather strips with a bunch of charms tied to it. It was covered with cobwebs and very dusty. It was a matalote, or kind of charmed neckpiece that was worn by the Indian warriors long ago. They also had shields made of buffalo hide, but these are all in museums or

private collections. The matalotes are very rare now and seeing one like that surprised Dad.

When a man went to war in the old days he always wore his matalote. Attached to it were his bone or reed whistle for signaling, a fine arrow point for luck, sometimes a small stone axe and always a lot of little stones that tinkled like bells. I should have thought that they would have given him away if he were trying to do any sneaking up. If the man was successful in killing his enemy, he dipped the charms and pendants in the slain man's blood as he believed it to be good medicine.

When we were coming back from Miguel's storehouse we saw two women carrying a big wash tub, but it was not an ordinary wash tub. It was a huge copper kettle that dated back to the time of the Spaniards. It was blackened on the outside where they had had it over the fire, but the inside was wonderful and the old riveted handles were of a different shape than modern handles.

We took a picture of Miguel's baby and

Miguel's Wife and Baby

then went back to the car. It was when we were leaving the pueblo and passing the little shelters that we saw the little "tree-climbing" goat. He was just a tiny fellow, and frightened by our car, he scampered up the side of one of the little structures and stood, perched on the top, looking at us.

As the road to Zia was on the opposite side of the river, we had to cross it again and still again, when we covered the distance between the two pueblos. Dad almost drew the line because here the river was a lot deeper and swifter, but he took a run at it and after the first jolt, when we went off the bank, it was pretty smooth sailing.

Zia is built on a little round hill and the houses are of rock for the most part. Some are plastered with the white clay, but it seemed to be a much darker village than Santa Ana. We learned that most of the men, including the governor, had gone hunting with the men of their sister pueblo, but we were given permission to go about.

The people of Zia seemed content and fairly prosperous. Few tourists get over the river

and they are left to themselves. Going down one steep passage-way we saw a little, old squaw just loaded down with a sack full of fire wood. I took it from her and carried it as far as her house. It certainly created a sensation and everybody laughed at me. I was told that hauling wood was woman's work and boys never thought of packing it.

The governor's house is next to the big kiva. His wife is a dear little old woman. We went into the one big room. It was very clean and the little squaw had just finished sprinkling the floor with water and sweeping it with a bunch of twigs. There were a lot of bowls of all sizes in one corner and we were surprised to see a cat walk in and go up to a bowl and take a drink of water. Then a little chicken walked in and went up to a smaller bowl. In a large jar was the family's supply of drinking water. I couldn't help but wonder if they ever got mixed.

In another corner was the old woman's bread jar. This was very beautiful with the typical old Zia bird design on it. Dad bought it for Mother and after he had paid the woman

for it and we started to leave, she ran after me (I was carrying the jar) and petted it just as she would have petted a puppy she was fond of. We kind of hated to take it, but she said that she wanted the money and she knew that we would take good care of it.

We stayed that night in Albuquerque and early the next morning we drove to Isleta, a Tegua village on the west bank of the Rio Grande. It is a large, modernized pueblo and aside from the kivas and a few houses, it looks more like a Mexican village than an Indian Pueblo.

Dad wanted to see Pablo Abeyta, an old friend of his, so we went to his house.

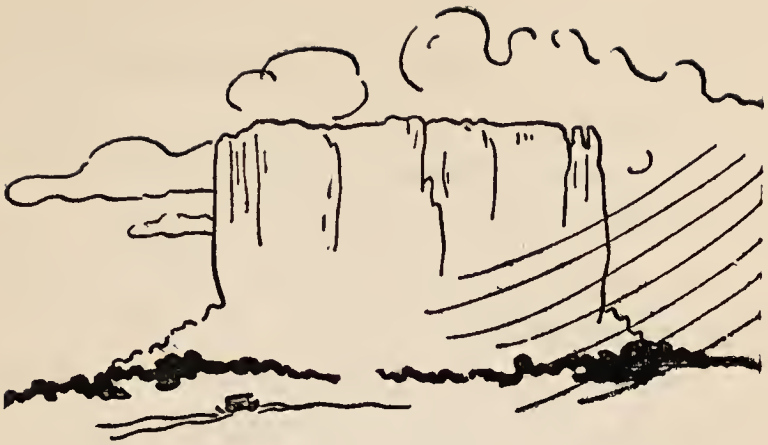
Mr. Abeyta has a store or trading post and next to it is his house with a little court back of it. The house is a mixture of the old and the modern. There were Indian blankets and bowls around, also chairs and tables and a dresser with two mirrors over it.

He told Dad a number of things about his people. He said that the Government had done them a lot of good, but that it had made some mistakes. He said also that the people

who were calling themselves "The Friends of the Indians" were hurting them as much as they were helping.

"Just because Indians do not talk much," he went on, "is no sign that they do not think. My people need to be helped to progress, not forced to do so. They can not change in one generation. It has taken the white man hundreds of years to do what he wants us to do in ten."

And when you come to think about it, he is absolutely right.



CHAPTER XII

THE SKY CITY

WE first saw Laguna when the sun was going down. It certainly was beautiful with its rose tinted houses silhouetted against the sky.

We drove up to the pueblo. The Governor was the first man we met. He spoke English very well and told us that we were free to go about; but before we could see the inside of the church we would have to call on Father Schuster, the priest in charge of the churches of Laguna and Acoma.

From then until dark we spent looking for the priest. We finally learned from the trader that he had gone to visit some sick at a settlement in the mountains, adding that he often went to the other two Laguna pueblos.

The Laguna people live in three villages and on many small farms. The Governor told us that in 1926 the census showed that there were 1901 people in the Laguna tribe. It differs from the others in that it is made up of branches of practically all the Pueblo Indians.

While hunting for Father Schuster we went all over the Pueblo. The church is on the summit of the low hill on which Laguna is built. The houses crowding around it are partly of sandstone and partly of adobe. The more modern ones are plastered with a light clay and metal roofs are beginning to be used. The old part of the pueblo is being gradually abandoned for farms in the valley. There are lots of the old vacant houses. Plaster is chipping off, windows are out and they are in a pretty dilapidated condition.

We spent the night at the little hotel near the railroad station of New Laguna. Dad

knew Mr. Eckerman and they talked about old times. Mrs. Eckerman's mother was a Laguna woman and she was very nice and pretty and got us the best kind of a supper. They called us early the next morning and we started for Acoma.

Our good weather had deserted us, clouds gathered and a high wind made driving rather uncomfortable; but it was nothing to what we struck when we came to the sandy stretch near the Enchanted Mesa. We went through the best sand storm I have ever seen.

The Enchanted Mesa, or Katzimo (the Accursed), as the Indians call it, is one of the highest and by far the most imposing of the numerous sheer, rocky, isolated mesas in that part of the country. The old men of Acoma say that at one time they lived on the top of it. Their only way of getting up to it was a series of hand and foot holds cut in a leaning pillar of rock by the side of the cliff. Then as now they had to come down to the floor of the valley to work their little farms. One summer when all of the people, except three old women, were busy cultivating their fields

a great storm came up and lightning struck the column of rock and the stone ladder, their only means of ascent, was destroyed. After that they built Acoma.

Not so very many years ago there was quite a discussion as to whether or not the story was true. Professor Libbey of Princeton was the first white man to climb it, but it took him three days. He had a lot of life-saving apparatus shipped out and hauled to the foot of the cliff. It was the kind they use when getting people off of a wrecked vessel. Well, his mortar did manage to shoot a line over one point of the mesa and he was pulled up to the top in a boatswain's chair. All of this labor didn't amount to much as he said that he didn't find a thing up there.

Then Mr. Hodge, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, came out from Washington and with the help of a few Indians and several light ladders, got to the top in three hours. Mr. Lummis, the writer who had told the legend in one of his books, went up also and they both found the traces of occupation.

I was crazy to go up, but as we didn't have

Laguna

ladders or a life-saving apparatus, we couldn't make it. I certainly want to go back some day and climb it.

On the plain around the Enchanted Mesa there were many Indian ponies grazing. They were the fattest Indian ponies that I have ever seen. There didn't seem to be much for them to eat, just a few weeds and a lot of yellow berries. They were the same kind that the clowns of San Filipe wore strung together around their necks in the place of beads.

We could just make out the Pueblo of Acoma on the top of the great rock mesa. It is the oldest of the modern Indian villages and was there like it is today when the first Spaniards came into the country. The Indians have never been overly friendly to the white man and they take a pride in living way up in their sky city.

When we reached the base of the huge rock the wind was so bad we could hardly stand against it. The sand stung our faces and it was all that we could do to keep our eyes open enough to see the trail. We finally climbed up the big sand dune to the bottom of the

old steps. It was a good thing that we were accustomed to climbing the cliffs in Mesa Verde or we would have had difficulty in making it in that storm. The trail led up a narrow trough between two great slabs of rock. In one place a boulder formed a regular roof over the steps or the hand and foot holds that the Indians had chipped out of the rock. In other places they had used cedar for supports when there was nothing else.

The people of Acoma keep their horses and wagons in little shelters at the foot of the mesa and they carry most everything up on their backs. As they have chopped down every tree for miles around, they have to go some distance for fire wood and of course that has to be hauled up too. We were told that of late, another trail had been built and they could get burros over it. That would certainly be a great help.

As we got to the top of the trail it seemed as though we had slipped back several centuries. A man was calling at the top of his voice as he walked down the street that faced us. Other men came out of the nearby houses

and each one carried a long broom made by tying a bundle of branches together. They all hurried off in the opposite direction and we followed them of course. We met a young woman and asked her what it was all about.

"In two days we give big dance," she said. "The Governor send man to tell all men to meet him in dance court. Then they clean up."

We went on to the dance court and found the men all talking to the Governor and the head men of the Pueblo. Sure enough they were to sweep the streets and everything in sight.

We spoke to the Governor and through an interpreter he asked us to stay over and see the dance. We told him that we would like to but couldn't; then we asked if we might go around and see the Pueblo and the church. He wanted to know where we were from, and when we said Mesa Verde, he wanted to hear all about the ruins. We must have talked to them for an hour, and the old men were awfully pleased when Mother told them one of the old legends and they got excited and all talked at once. They usually charge people a dollar a-piece to go around the pueblo and five dollars

for taking pictures, but they wouldn't take a thing from us and said that we were friends.

The Pueblo of Acoma looks just about as it did three hundred years ago. There are many three story houses and the way they are built is very picturesque. Big ladders go from the street to the first roof and smaller ones are used to reach the upper houses. In some of them they still use large, thin flakes of crystallized gypsum for window panes just as they did before they knew anything about window glass. In some of the rooms we noticed beautifully carved roof beams and Dad said that they had been taken from the old Mission.

After going up and down the two fine streets we walked over to the church. This is not only the largest and one of the best of the old Spanish Missions, but it is the most wonderful one because everything that went into its construction had to be hauled up the steep trail by the Indians.

There is no earth on the top of the great rock of Acoma. The Indians carried up enough earth to make the adobes or sun dried bricks to build the church and cloisters. As

The Old Medicine Man of Laguna

it is an enormous building, it took countless trips from the valley three hundred and fifty feet below. With the heavy packs on their backs it must have been dreadful. The roof timbers are forty feet long and over a foot through. They had to bring them twenty miles as there are no large trees near Acoma. They had neither horses nor wagons and they had to carry and drag them all the way.

The most wonderful thing is the graveyard in front of the church. The Indians built a huge wall around a square two hundred feet across. It is like a giant box. This they filled with earth; and you can tell how much it took as the outer wall is forty-five feet high. On the top of the wall, at regular intervals, are heads of clay. They are awful looking things with broken pieces of pottery or bits of obsidian for eyes. I'd never visit that graveyard at night with comfort.

The interior of the church was interesting but the painting of Saint Joseph was the best part of it and we learned about it after we returned to Laguna and saw Father Schuster.

As we were leaving, we saw the water holes.

In natural depressions in the rock, the water is held after it rains or snows. This is Acoma's only water supply. If this fails they have to pack water along with everything else up their steep trail.

Acoma is the most wonderful of all the Pueblos and the sand storm helped make it seem more unreal than ever. Some of the others are larger and some are more friendly, but certainly the little city on the big rock is the most impressive.

When we got back to Laguna, Father Schuster was there. He showed us the inside of the church. It has Indian designs painted all along the walls. The altar and sides, as well as a kind of canopy over the top of it, are covered with skins on which have been painted flowers, animals, saints and about everything.

It was there that Father Schuster told us about the Saint Joseph in the church of Acoma.

The people of Acoma were prosperous and rich and happy, but the Pueblo of Laguna, though much larger, was very unfortunate. The crops failed, the people were sick and everything went wrong with them. They

didn't know what was the matter and they figured that the possession of the picture of Saint Joseph was the cause of Acoma's good luck.

The old men of Laguna got together and decided to ask Acoma to lend them the painting. Messengers were sent and their request was granted. There was great rejoicing and strange enough, the people of Laguna began to be happy and have a lot better luck.

Now when the time came to give back the painting, Laguna refused to do it. That almost started a war. The priest living at Acoma at the time said that the dispute should be decided by the will of God. They all agreed and set a day for the great event.

The Laguna Indians were to bring the painting back to Acoma. The place was decorated as for a feast day and the old priest was waiting for them in front of the church. He had a big Indian jar and into it he threw a number of pieces of paper and one of them was a little rough drawing of the picture of Saint Joseph. He had two little girls, one from each pueblo to draw the papers from the jar. First the one from Laguna drew

a blank, then the one from Acoma drew a blank. The people got awfully excited and finally when the Acoma child drew the picture, the people were so delighted that they held a regular dance.

Now the people of Laguna seemed to join in the celebration, but while all of the village was feasting and dancing, several men from Laguna went into the church and stole the picture and carried it back to Laguna.

When this was discovered, the Indians prepared for war, but again the old priest intervened and got them to let the court decide the case. It was even taken up to the Supreme Court and is one of the famous cases of New Mexico. The Pueblo of Acoma won and Saint Joseph was taken home.

CHAPTER XIII

ZUÑI

THE road from Laguna to Gallup was fine and we made splendid time, but from Gallup to Zuñi it was simply awful. We had an early luncheon in Gallup, which was a good thing as it took nearly the whole afternoon to make the thirty-eight miles to the Pueblo. There was mud up to the running-boards and waterholes you could almost lose a car in. The road is not particularly good at its best, being very narrow and winding over the hills, but in bad weather it takes a prize for dread-

fulness. We pushed and shoveled, but Dad never says "Die," so we got there all right.

Zuñi is the largest of the Indian villages, having a population of over thirteen hundred. It is also different from the other Pueblos in that the people speak an entirely different language and are not related to the tribes around them. Of course they are true Indians and have pretty much the same myths, but they keep to themselves and go in for ceremonies more than any of the others. We have many friends among the Zuñis and I think that they are just about the most interesting of the Pueblo Indians.

The main town is built on a low hill on one side of the Zuñi River—and calling it a river is a joke. We saw the women making little dams to hold the tricklet and deepen the water enough to scoop it up with a cup. Dad told us that once an officer was sent out from Washington to see if the Zuñi River was navigable. He sent in the report that it was only navigable for schooners—prairie schooners.

Zuni is a typical terraced village. There

are houses up to three stories high, but the ones on the crest of the hill make them seem higher. The people live more on their housetops than in any other pueblo except Taos. They have their curious little round-topped ovens on them and the women bake their bread on the roof.

As in many of the other villages the Indians have found that they do not need the protection of the old fort-like dwellings any longer, so they are moving down, spreading out and building more one-story houses. The new ones in Zuñi have very large rooms and are very interesting. Many of our old friends had new homes and they showed us around. We went in to one kiva too.

The Zuñi kivas are not a bit like the round ones in other villages, they are just very large rectangular rooms. This one we saw was very wonderful, for on the walls above a brown dado or border, was a frieze of huge animal figures painted in colors on a white background. All kinds of queer herbs and fetishes hung from the roof-beams. But I guess that they had all of their ceremonial

objects put away as the room was almost bare.

The Zuñis have the most wonderful dances of all the Indians in the Southwest. Hardly a month goes by without some kind of a feast. In the Spring are the planting ceremonies. This time we met a band of about ten men, wrapped in their black blankets, each carrying a prayer stick tipped with eagle feathers. We learned that they were getting ready to cultivate their fields before the Spring planting.

Seven years ago we spent part of one summer at Hawikuh. Mr. Hodge was in charge of the big expedition that uncovered the old ruin and Dad was his field-assistant. Of course we went into Zuñi whenever they had a dance, and I can remember how wonderful they were. Since then I have read about the meaning of some of them.

The most beautiful of the summer dances is the Rain Dance. About forty men take part in this one and they wear wonderful masks or headdresses, embroidered skirts, turquoise blue moccasins and each man is

Zuñi Women Working in their Gardens

loaded down with turquoise jewelry. The Delight-Makers dance with them and the Zuñi Delight-Makers are the best of them all. They wear a big false head that looks exactly as if it were made out of red earth. They cover their bodies with the same color clay, and aside from their little black skirts, they do honestly look like the earth beings they are supposed to represent.

Along in August comes the Corn-Maiden Dance. Every woman and girl in the Pueblo grinds corn for weeks for this occasion. I never saw so much as was piled up in the big shallow baskets. There was a large shrine built in one end of the dance court and the girls brought the baskets there balancing them on their heads. They also had baskets filled with héwe, the Zuñi name for paper-bread, and bowls of stew cooked with corn-meal which they gave to the dancers after the performance.

In the autumn they hold the harvest dance and the hunting dances. We saw a Buffalo Dance which was great. The Indian dances are really plays acted out in their fashion.

In this one the main dancer wore a big buffalo head with horns and long hair on it. He was the central figure and there were a lot of hunters. Two carried bows and arrows and danced around him. They tried to capture him but of course it was made difficult.

The strangest dance of all is the Shalako which takes place in the early part of December. It is really a House Dedication Ceremony and the gods are invited down from the mountains to bring good luck to the new homes built that year. Runners go out early in the morning to meet the gods and bring them to the Pueblo. It is a wonderful sight to see the Shalako or giant beings march into the village. They are only men dressed up of course, but they are built up to be from eight to ten feet tall. They carry a big masked head on a frame body that is covered with beautifully embroidered robes. It is really very clever, but their little legs and feet give them away.

One of their dances comes down from the time the Spanish occupied the country and is a queer mixture of a white man's religious

service and an Indian ceremony. It is called the Dance of the Santos, or Saints. The Indians still have a number of statues and things that were in the old church and they are put up in a kind of shrine and the dance takes place in front of it. The men wear horse hair mustachios and try to look as fierce as possible. It is awfully funny.

When we were there we were fortunate enough to see a Stick Race. This is a game that is typical of the Zuñi Indians as they are all great runners. Captains are appointed and two sides are chosen. A little stick about six inches long is given to each side. From the tip of the middle finger to the bottom of the palm of a man's hand is how they measure it. There is usually a red band painted on either end of one of the sticks and a band around the middle of the other one. The three or four runners on each side wear only a little white kilt tied around the waist with yucca cord and if they have long hair, it has to be tied a certain way with yucca cord also.

There is always a definite starting point

and when they are ready a signal is given and off they dash. The race we saw was only about five miles long, but the big Stick Races are twenty-five miles and go part way round Toyallanne, Zuñi's sacred mountain.

The main rule of the game is never to touch the stick with the hands, but just to kick it in the direction they are going. The first side back to base wins. It does get awfully exciting when the stick falls into a prairie-dog hole, lodges in a cedar tree or catches in a cactus. It always has to be KICKED out, and with the bare feet, too.

All the Southwestern Indians are awful gamblers and the Zuñis bet just about everything they have on a big Stick Race. Betting begins days before the race. Some follow the runners for a while on horseback and return to do some more betting. Then everyone in the Pueblo gets up on the house-tops so that they can watch the runners, miles away. When they see them turn towards the village, they all rush down to be there at the finish,—and settle their bets.

The Zuñi truck gardens are the cutest little

things. The women take care of them and each family has a little fenced in plot that looks like a waffle-iron design on the ground. In each little square depression the seeds are planted. The water is carried from the streamlet in beautiful jars or buckets and the tiny walls of mud keep every drop where it is needed. The gardens are really a success.

The Zuñi women used to be the best pottery makers of all the pueblos, but Marie Martinez of San Ildefonso is the best potter now. The old Zuñi jars and bowls are very beautiful in form and they have the most intricate designs on them. We have some perfect beauties at home.

The Zuñi men weave good cotton cloth and wool blankets. Their ceremonial kilts and robes are embroidered in red, green, yellow and black wool and are very striking. They go in for bead making too, and our old friend Zuñi Dick is one of the best.

I have often watched him make these beads. Dick always uses the pump drill with a metal point for drilling the holes and he rubs the rough beads, after they are strung on cord,

on a slab of sand stone until they are quite smooth. The favorite beads are turquoise, coral and shell, but they are wearing a quantity of the cheap store-beads now.

Zuñi Dick is one of the greatest old characters I have ever known. He is very proud of his English and when we asked him where he had learned it, he beamed and said, "I learn um in jail!"

We found out later all about it. Zuñi Dick had been governor of the Pueblo several times and he was very opposed to black magic or witchcraft. During the last time he held the office, Nick, another Zuñi Indian, was convicted of being a witch and sentenced to the special punishment reserved for witches. They crossed his arms behind his back and then pulled him up by the thumbs until the tips of his toes only touched the ground. Some white people, then in the Pueblo, found it out and sent for the soldiers who were stationed at Fort Wingate forty miles away. They got there in time to save Nick's life, but he has always been sickly since. Dick was arrested of course, and spent six months

in jail in Albuquerque where he learned his English.

Another of Dick's proud boasts is that the center of the earth is in his corn-field. It is the center of the Zuñi universe and there is a little shrine there sure enough.

Of course Dick thinks that his corn is the best. One day he came to us and said that someone was stealing it. Then it turned out that he saw an old dog prowling around and he said:—"Dog eat ma corn. All day lock alound, eat ma corn. You cut um open. You see, ma corn in dere." We took his word for it, but I'll bet that dog disappeared.

After one of the Rain Dances, Dick guided Mr. Hodge, Mr. Coffin, Dad and Mother and me up the old trail to the top of Toyallanne. This mesa or mountain as they call it, is very sacred to the Zuñis and few white people have ever been on the top of it. It was there that the Zuñi Indians took refuge during the Pueblo Rebellion and also the place where the women and children were sent when the Spaniards first came.

Before climbing the trail we went to the

old ruined villages of Matsaki and Kyakime. High above Kyakime the outline of the cliff against the sky forms the most perfect silhouette of Lincoln's profile. It is just a natural formation, but it is very wonderful.

The trail was awfully steep and led up past the two enormous pillars of rock called "The Cacique's Son and Daughter." There is a legend about them. The Zuñis have the story of a great flood, and they say that the people all climbed to the top of Toyallanne. The water kept rising and rising and finally the chief-priest or cacique said that the most perfect boy and girl must be thrown into the water. After looking at them all, they had to take his own children. The sacrifice was made and the water went down. Afterwards there appeared the two pillars of rock.

It began to rain before we got to the top and we had a pretty hard time of it and were just soaked through. The water squashed out of our boots every time we took a step. Dick said that it was all right because the Rain Dance had brought it. The Rain Dance always brings the rain.

Zuñi Children

We visited several of the shrines when we got to the top. Dick made us all, even Mother, take our hats off when we were near them. The famous War Gods Shrine was just a mound piled high with queer painted sticks and prayer-plumes. The sticks were each about three feet high and five inches wide, and they are supposed to represent the Twins or two War Gods. Two of them are in the Natural History Museum in New York City. Two others were taken and we happened to hear about it from Dick.

It appears that some few years ago a pretty well known writer, who has since died, hired two young Zuñi school boys to show him the secret trail up Toyallanne. When he got to the top he took the two best War God effigies. When the Priests of the Bow who have charge of the War Gods Shrine and the trail, found out about it they took the two boys, cut their throats and offered them up to the gods. It was a good thing that the writer never went back as they were laying for him.

We went to the Marriage Shrine and saw a lot of little pottery jars set on a ledge in the

rock. Dick said that the "maidens" climbed up there and left offerings for a good husband.

The best of all was the Hunters Shrine. We climbed in a regular little cavern and all around on the rock ledges were the skulls of bear and deer and other animals painted and decorated and offered to the Animal Beings. It gave us all a queer feeling to be in there like that.

This time the first person we saw was Lasaluti and Dad told me about the time Lasaluti wanted an English name. The Zuni Indians gave Dad the name of Omali, which means the Big Brother of the Locust. They said it was because Dad had such a deep voice. Well, Lasaluti kept bothering Dad for a good name. One day when Dad was busy he stood around and said:—"You gib me good name. Bug name, same I gib you." Now it was mean of Dad, but he was tired of being bothered so he said:—"All right. Your name, Cootie." Lasaluti was tickled pink over it and ran around telling everyone that his name was Cootie. They all agreed that it did fit him as he was an awful pest.

The Indians gave Mother the name of Lasinittitza which is a very ancient name and means Little Eagle Feather. They called me Techale, The Pottery Child, because I collected so many pieces of broken pottery at Hawikuh.

We had such a happy time there that summer. The Indians were all so nice and friendly. They told me many of their legends and Mr. Hodge told Mother that she should put them in a book for other children and last year she did it. The Indians would sit around a little camp fire every night and chant their strange songs and tell stories. I think that we got to know the Zuñis about as well as almost any white people ever do. They were so kind and cheerful and all worked together. This year we found the Pueblo divided and so many quarrels among the people. In most cases the white man was at the bottom of it, too.

I heard an old Indian tell Dad that the trouble with the white men is that they should agree on what the Indian should do before wanting him to change from his own ways.

Certainly Zuñi today is a proof that the old Indian was right, and it made us feel kind of sad to see our old friends so worried.

CHAPTER XIV

ON THE PATH OF THE PADRES

ZUÑI is the most interesting of all the pueblos and there is quite a lot known about its early history. Long ago there were seven villages instead of just the one big one now. And when the Spaniards in Mexico first heard of them from an Indian trader, they were called The Seven Cities of Cibola. From time to time stories came to the Spaniards of the terraced cities and the wealth of the northern Indians.

Then in 1528, just thirty-six years after

Columbus discovered America, a Spanish expedition was shipwrecked off what is now the coast of Florida. Cabeza de Vaca and three companions were the only ones saved and when they crawled out on the shore, the native Indians thought that they were gods. They soon changed their minds and traded the four men around as slaves, even torturing them sometimes. They were eight years in escaping and making their way back to Mexico. When they finally got there they were called "The Wonder Men" and everyone listened to their stories of adventure. They hadn't seen the Seven Cities, but they had heard a good deal about them so one of them, a negro named Estavanico, offered to act as guide. Fray Marcos de Niza, a priest, was sent to see if the reports about the great treasures were true before a big expedition was sent out.

The padre accepted Estavanico's offer and the two started on their trip. It was a pretty plucky thing for them to do; however, when they got to northern Mexico they asked a few friendly Indians to join them.

When they were fairly near the country of Cibola, Fray Marcos sent the negro on ahead with a few Indians. He told him to send back one of the Indians from time to time with a cross; a little one if the Indians of Cibola were hostile and the reports of gold unfounded, and a big one if everything was all right.

The first Indian came back with an immense cross and the priest hurried on as fast as he could. The big crosses kept coming back until Fray Marcos was almost in sight of Hawikuh, the largest of the seven cities. Then a frightened Indian rushed up and said that the negro and the others had been captured and killed.

This stopped the padre from going much nearer. He climbed a little hill and there across the valley he saw Hawikuh on another hill. He planted a cross, threw handfuls of earth and grass into the air and claimed the country for "God and the King of Spain."

After that he returned to Mexico and told all that had happened, and then Coronado got permission from the viceroy and started out on his famous expedition. Besides the army

he took with him cattle and sheep as well as horses.

They reached Hawikuh the summer of 1540 and they had to fight a regular battle before they captured the pueblo. Coronado called it Granada.

After they entered the village and found it just like any other Indian village they were awfully disappointed. There were only mud houses and pottery where they had expected to find great quantities of gold and precious stones. Coronado thought that they had simply gotten into the wrong village, so he sent men out in all directions. Cardenas, who went north and west, discovered the Hopi towns and the Grand Canyon. Alvarado went east to Tiguex and later Coronado decided to move there for the winter.

It was a wonderful thing to have been in Hawikuh during the excavations. First we saw the old ruined village being uncovered. Then we heard the Indians' stories and read about the coming of the first explorers. Each day someone would dig up something that made it all live again. Besides all of the

Watermelons Distributed after a Dance

Indian things, they found old Spanish saddle buckles, nails and small pieces of metal. There were also broken pieces of blue and white Spanish pottery.

It gets very hot out on the walls of the ruin and there were centipedes and rattlesnakes by the dozen. Once we saw a bull snake get a pack rat down in one of the excavated rooms. The snake just looked at the rat and the poor thing got so frightened it was almost paralyzed. Then the snake made a swift dart, and that was the end of the rat. He finally swallowed it whole.

The Zuni Indians are not a bit afraid of rattlers, but they are scared to death of bull snakes. They believe that if the wind blows off of a bull snake towards a man, he will swell up and burst.

One year Dad stayed late into the Fall and excavated the old Hawikuh Church and Mission. It was quite a large one.

After the Indians drove the padres out the first time, they lived in it for a time themselves; but the priests returned and the Indians finally burned it. Father Letrado, the

priest in charge of the Mission, was one of the martyrs. One Sunday the Indians stayed outside of the church and would not go in to the service. The priest went out to see what was the trouble and as soon as he saw the gathered crowd with bows and arrows he knew that they were going to kill him and they did. This happened on February 22nd, 1632, just one hundred years to the day before George Washington was born.

The people in Santa Fé learned of it and the Spanish governor sent soldiers to avenge Father Letrado's death. There is an interesting inscription on Inscription Rock about it. It is in Spanish of course, and translated reads:—"They passed on the 23rd of March of the year 1632 to the avenging of the death of Father Letrado,—Lujan." Lujan was the name of the soldier who carved it.

There is another strange story about a priest of the Hawikuh Mission. Years after Father Letrado was killed, two priests were sent to Hawikuh. One was killed and the other joined the Indians. He used to care for the sick and he tried to teach kindness to

them, and they loved him. He only asked one favor. When he died he wished to be buried with his head touching an altar in a church. This is all just the story.

This happened about the time of the big Pueblo Rebellion when the Zuñi Indians went up on Toyallanne to live. When de Vargas came to the foot of the mountain and demanded the surrender of the Indians, a piece of white buck-skin tied around a stone was thrown down. It was unfolded and they saw the terms of peace written on it in good Spanish. It must have been the priest who wrote it, as the Indians could speak but little Spanish and none could write.

Then when Dad excavated the old Hawikuh Church, there was a burial with the head touching the altar. It was the remains of a white man. So it must have all been true.

After the Zuñi Indians came down from Toyallanne they decided to abandon their different villages and build one big one across the river from Halona, one of the original seven cities. They built the present pueblo of Zuñi then and they have lived in it ever since.

From Zuñi and Hawikuh we drove over to Ramah and then out to Mr. Vogt's ranch. Mr. Vogt is custodian of El Morro National Monument or Inscription Rock. He is a good friend of ours, and after a splendid luncheon at his house, we drove out to the Rock.

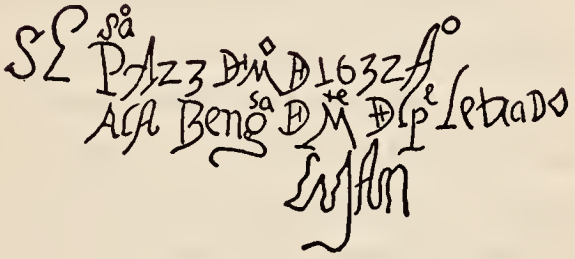
It is really a rock-walled mesa and all along the base are the most wonderful inscriptions. There was a good spring there and as it was just a day's march out from Zuñi, it was a fine camping place. Every time the Spaniards stopped there they carved their inscription telling where they were going, giving the date and all about it. They even have the signatures of the famous men under some of them.

There are two large ruined pueblos on top of El Morro, and we climbed right up the old original steps cut in the wall of the cliff. Dad wants to excavate the ruins and I hope that I can be there when he does it.

From El Morro we went back to Gallup and the next day, on our way across the Navajo Desert, we ran into the most dreadful snow storm. At the Park boundary the snow

The Altar in the Old Church at Hawikuh

was up to the radiator, so we had to go into Mancos. We had to leave the car there for the rest of the winter. After the snow settled, a trail was broken through the drifts and ten days later we got home. We had horses, but in many places we had to walk. It took us ten hours, but it was great fun.



CHAPTER XV

WE PACK SOUTHWEST

ALL during the month of March the snow fell and any thought of a trip to the Hopi country was out of the question. It was not until May that the weather broke and we were able to leave Mesa Verde.

I had first planned to take the trip with Sam Ahkeah, a Navajo Indian friend of ours, but he was delayed in returning to the Park this Spring. Dick Hager, one of our Park rangers, wanted to take the trip and as he had his vacation time coming to him, it was decided that we should go together.

Dick had been giving me Latin and Math. and as we are the best of friends, it was with high spirits that we got out the maps. With Dad's help we outlined the trip and marked our trail. It had to be a horse-back trip, as many of the places we wanted to visit were off the roads and the country is rather rough traveling.

We knew from the Indians, that with a few exceptions, we could make a trading post or Indian settlement every night. This was fine as we could do with one pack horse. Our only heavy thing was the grain for the horses, as we always wanted a day's supply ahead. The first thing one learns in traveling with a pack outfit is to think of your horses first, last and all the time. We had one light bed-roll, a small bag with toilet articles, a few clean clothes and a day's food supply together with just enough things to cook with to get us through.

You can always spot a tenderfoot out West by the amount of baggage he carries. We knew that we could always replenish at the trading posts and Mother had promised to

send clean clothing on to different points along the way.

Dick was so excited that he didn't sleep much the night before we started. He had never taken a really long pack trip before. I was up at daylight and although we thought that everything was ready the night before, it was ten before we got off. Jug's pack was the thing that delayed us and Dad made us be sure of it before he would let us go. Dick and I certainly learned how to tie the diamond hitch.

The trail from home heads down into Spruce Tree Canyon and as we started, everyone stood on the rim and waved and shouted goodbye. The last thing we heard was,—"Follow the North Star if you get lost," and "Good luck, Pilgrims!"

We had three splendid horses. Dick rode Dan, I was on Ruben and we took turns leading Jug. He is a sturdy, little horse, fine for packing,—but he has his faults.

We made good time down the steep canyon and we were surprised to find the whole floor carpeted with flowers. We had had such a late Spring and hardly anything was out on

top of the Mesa. The thousand foot drop, and the shelter of the canyon walls made the difference.

We counted the ruins up in the caves and along the ledges in the canyon walls. There were twenty-one to be seen between Spruce Tree Canyon and the mouth of Long Canyon, but not so many farther down. Soon we were getting hungry and were glad to stop for lunch and water and rest the horses at the Mancos River.

That afternoon we followed down the Mancos and every little while we would come to mound ruins. There was one fine watch tower that was still standing about fifteen feet. We decided that a prehistoric artist colony must have inhabited this canyon as there were so many pictographs. One was of a buffalo and looked exactly like the early paintings of the buffalos in the caves in France. There were many typical Cliff-Dweller symbols around it, so it was at least a thousand years old. The Ute sheep herders have added their pictures to the others, but they are modern and really not very good.

The Utes usually drive their sheep into the narrow little valley in the Spring. We passed several fat, old squaws watching their different little herds. It was very picturesque seeing them there near the old ruins, and with the tall purple pentstemon growing all around.

The Utes have several camps down there and some of them stay all through the winter. They never build permanent homes, but are perfectly content to just live along in old shelters made of brush or dilapidated tents.

When we first started out after lunch we were way up the Mancos Canyon and we could see far below us the flatter country stretching out southward. I pointed out to Dick about where Pyle's Trading Post was, our destination that night. He was aghast and said:—"You don't mean near those two little hills way out there on the horizon?"

It wasn't nearly as far as it looked and we got there before dark. After we had fed, hobbled and belled our horses, we made camp in a little sandy wash. The wind was awfully bad, so after a hurried supper we made our bed. It was good to crawl in and pull the

tarp up over us. We both were asleep before we knew it.

The next morning we were up at dawn and went to look for the horses. The sunrise was wonderful and it made up for the fact that the horses were nowhere to be seen. We hunted and hunted for them and finally found them in the prize alfalfa field of the Mancos River Farm. They had broken in. The owner was very nice about it and said that his fence wasn't much good anyway.

We had breakfast and were packed and off in short order. Not far out we met a Navajo friend of ours and then jogged along and were almost in sight of Shiprock when our first mishap came.

Jug is built just like a barrel and when his pack slipped, he went bucking and kicking around, scattering everything to the Four Corners. Dick rushed after him and prepared to rope him; but just as he was going to throw his lariat, it caught in the sage brush. I finally headed him off and stopped him four miles up the road after jumping arroyos and gopher holes. I was on Dan and he certainly

worked. I thought that we were going to fall into every arroyo and slip into every gopher hole at the time, but we got through all right and I'll take my hat off to Dan. He used to belong to some cowmen and was well trained.

We gathered together everything that we could find and were off again. We later discovered that our most notable loss was the air pump for the mattresses, but at the time we thought it was the cheese. Just as we were leaving, an old raven made off with our whole supply, and no matter how beautiful we told him his voice was, he wouldn't drop it.

We arrived in Shiprock, the Indian Agency, about three thirty and found that everyone was at the ball game. After putting our horses in the corral and caring for them, we walked over to the ball field. It was quite a big game between the Utes and the Navajos. The Navajos won in an extra inning game, 15–13.

The Indian School and the village are ten miles from the great landmark called Shiprock. This immense mass of stone is the core of an old volcano and stands there on the desert eighteen hundred and sixty feet high.

On the Trail

The Navajo Indians have many legends about it. One story tells how a huge bird carried the first members of their tribe to that place and then was turned into stone. The white men think it looks more like a ship, and from the Mesa Verde it certainly does. I have seen it when it looked exactly like an old ship under full sail floating on a great calm sea.

The Agency always seems like a little oasis as there are so many lovely trees and flowers. Then Mr. Kneale, the superintendent, always gives one such a fine welcome. Mr. Bruce Banard's Trading Post used to be just about the whole town, but since they found oil in that country, there is a pretty good hotel and everything.

The next day we made a fairly early start as we had thirty miles to go before reaching Red Rock at the foot of the Lukachukais or Beautiful Mountains as the Navajos call them. We were now on the real desert and Dick thought that it was the most arid country he had ever seen. The only beautiful thing was Shiprock. It looked exactly like the Rheims Cathedral from that point. All the rest was sand, and then more sand.

We passed by the Rattlesnake Oil Wells. These are awfully interesting. The oil comes out of the wells around zero and it is the highest gravity oil in commercial quantities found in the world.

We heard one strange thing that happened there. One of the men wanted to clean a suit of clothes, so he filled a tub half full of the oil and put his suit into it. He pushed it around with a stick as the oil is too cold to handle. Soon he heard a little snap, just like the electric spark you get sometimes when you touch wool or silk after walking on a carpet. Well, it was static electricity and as the suit of clothes was dry and the oil is also without moisture, the spark set it off and the whole thing exploded.

Oil from some of the wells you can put right from the ground into the car and drive off. They told us that the oil from Rattlesnake is "too wild" to do that with.

On we went and we ate lunch near a water hole. Not far away were some of the most wretched hogans I have ever seen. Farther on we came to some sheep herders' shrines.

They were little more than small cairns or heaps of rocks, but they were the places where those lonely men prayed to their gods.

We could understand now why the Indians made so much over every happening in nature. There was nothing but the great spaces around them and every single thing seemed kind of supernatural and stood out as an event.

When we got to Red Rock we cared for the horses and we were glad that they were in such fine shape. That night we slept in an abandoned hogan.

Hogans are real Navajo houses. They are round in shape and built of logs covered with mud and earth. From the outside they look like large beehives. There is a little low doorway which generally faces the east. The fire is built on the floor in the middle of the single room and the smoke goes out of a hole, the sky-hole they call it, in the roof above.

I couldn't help thinking about the Navajo superstition that if one of their tribe dies in a hogan they have to leave it, as the spirit is supposed to haunt the place. We hoped if that was the case, the spirit would not be on

the rampage. However, we soon forgot all about this and slept soundly.

The next morning about two miles out, just when we were traveling along in good shape, Ruben, who was packed that day, broke loose and ran all the way back to Red Rock. We were certainly angry with the stupid old fellow, and we were not able to get off again until eleven thirty.

It was only ten miles to the foot of the high mountains. The trail climbed up through the trees. It was very beautiful after the desert. The contrast of the pale green of the young aspen leaves and the evergreens was wonderful.

A couple of would-be bear hunters preceded us. They told us that the Lukachukais were full of bear. Sam had said this too, so of course we expected to meet a bear around every corner,—but we didn't even get a glimpse of one.

We finally reached the divide and started down the little canyon on the other side. It reminded me of Zion National Park with its huge rounded cliffs and fine coloring. We

were awfully surprised to find some stunted birch trees growing near a little stream in the bottom of the canyon.

Poor Dicky nearly died the last few miles. Jug's trot was getting him. We were so glad when a trader asked us to stay with him. It had been a great day, but with Ruben's high-jinks and all, we were rather tired.

There is quite a settlement at the foot of the mountains with a school and two trading posts. One is called Lukachukai and the one where we stayed, Greasewood Springs. There are many well-to-do Navajos there who own good little farms. It just goes to show what a little water will do in this country.

CHAPTER XVI

THE VALLEY OF DEATH

THE name of the Cañon del Muerto, which is the Spanish for the Canyon of Death, made us look forward to the next day's trip as a real adventure. It is a hard place to get into from the head. At Greasewood Springs we were fortunate in finding an Indian guide who said he could show us the way. We were off by eight in the morning.

It was only eleven miles to the head of the canyon, and when we were traveling right along, we met the Navajo mail carrier astride

a little old burro. As he came up to us he shouted:—"Toot, toot. Let me and my little aeroplane pass."

When we got to the canyon our guide turned back. He pointed out the trail and the only thing left for us to do was to go down. It was absolutely the worst trail I have ever seen, and Dick and I were scared stiff. We learned afterwards that only the wild horses used it and a few people had gone over it, but even the Navajos left it alone as a rule.

Huge boulders had slipped down and hundreds of smaller loose rocks filled the trail. The horses would slip and slide, catching on narrow ledges. Horse skeletons were on all sides, which wasn't very cheerful. And when Dan, who I was leading, caught his hoof in a crack, we thought another would be added. Had it been one of the other horses we could never have saved him. As it was, one of us held his head while the other chipped the rock out enough to free his leg. We were so glad when we got to the bottom that we just couldn't say anything, but we felt a heap!

The trail landed us in the Left Fork of the big canyon and about half a mile farther on we came to the main canyon and the river. It was an awfully pretty place so we stopped and rested the horses and had our lunch there.

I knew that the canyon was full of ruins and we wanted specially to see the cave where a band of Navajos had been massacred years ago. That is how the canyon got its name.

The Navajo Indians and the Mexicans were great enemies and they killed each other whenever they got the chance. This massacre happened way back in about 1804 when a band of Navajos were going on the war-path. The Indians took all of their old people, their women and children and put them in a cave high above the floor of the deep canyon. They warned them to hide if they saw an enemy; so thinking them perfectly safe, they rode away.

While they were gone a party of Mexicans marched up the canyon. They were well past the cave when an old woman who had been a slave in Mexico when she was a girl and could speak a little Spanish, yelled down that

Canyon de Chelly Ruin

they were "men without eyes." Of course the Mexicans turned and saw them. Some of the soldiers crawled up where they could get a good shot at the poor Indians. They killed many of them at the first. Then they directed their fire against the sloping wall of the cave and killed a lot more. After this, others climbed into the cave and crushed the skulls of the rest with the butts of their guns. They were awfully pleased over it and called the place the Canyon of Death.

About a hundred years passed before white men found the cave. The skeletons lying all around and the bullet marks on the walls told the whole story.

Then, too, we had read about all the wonderful things Mr. Morris found in the old Cliff Ruins. We were certainly thrilled when about five miles down we caught sight of our first large ruin. We left the horses and climbed into it. We promptly christened it Casa Primera or First House, but I think perhaps it is the one Mr. Morris called Mummy Cave.

There is a beautiful three story house with

the roof intact and a wonder of a painted kiva. The ruin has the largest débris heap I have ever seen and I was not surprised to find Post Basket-Maker pottery. The main ruin is real Cliff-Dweller like the ones we have in Mesa Verde, but down under it are certainly the ruins of the earlier people. I was crazy to stay and dig, but Dick thought that we had better be moving on.

There were lots of smaller ruins and the greatest number of pictographs. There were the signs of the very early Basket-Makers that must have lived there over three thousand years ago and on down to the pictures drawn by the present day Navajos.

We noticed that the ruins were in the lower caves rather than in the upper ones as in Mesa Verde. But they were undoubtedly the same people as the type of houses and the articles such as feather-cloth, farming implements and pottery were just about the same.

The canyon itself is marvelous. The canyon is so narrow, and the great cliffs are so high, we about broke our necks looking at them. The way the rock seems to dip and whirl,

the queer erosions and caves make it all like another world. There was one strange thing about the place too,—we found ourselves talking in whispers and we just couldn't seem to get over it.

A good many Navajos have farms in the bottom of the canyon. They have splendid little peach orchards, and in the summer the women are kept busy drying the fruit on the rocks.

When we thought that we had gotten quite a way down the canyon, it was getting rather late too, we met some Navajos who said that we were only a few miles from Chin Lee. That is the name of the trading post we wanted to make that night. We were awfully hungry and pretty tired and Dicky kept betting that the store would be around every bend.

Finally, in the distance, we saw what looked like a bunch of chickens. We did not notice their color. We speeded up and felt greatly comforted as we knew we were nearing civilization. You can imagine our disappointment when we came up to a flock of old black crows.

A couple of miles farther on we spoke to some more Navajos. They told us that Chin Lee was at least fifteen miles away, and also, that there was a lot of quicksand from where we were on down. As the only sign of road lay in the river bottom, this scared us. It was late and we were tired out from climbing into ruins anyway, so we decided to make camp right where we were. After feeding and hobbling the horses, we ate our supper and went right to sleep at the foot of the huge perpendicular cliff.

We got up awfully early the next morning and while Dick got breakfast, I went for the horses. I was lucky to find them in a little side canyon not two miles away. We got packed and off in good time.

We felt lots better than we did the night before because the shadows of the high cliffs made things rather depressing and now the sunlight was brilliant.

We went into one ruin that was exactly like the ruin we call Fire Temple in the Mesa Verde. It has been identified by archæologists as being the place where the new fire

was kindled every year. So this proved that the Cliff-Dwellers of the Cañon del Muerto were Fire worshippers as well as the ancient people of Mesa Verde.

The Navajos were wrong about the distance as we only went about two miles before we came into the Canyon de Chelly. We went at once to the White House which certainly is a beauty. It is built on two levels, one near the bottom of the canyon and the other on a ledge about a hundred feet up. It gets its name from the white material used in the construction of a few rooms in the upper house. It has been excavated and dug over by pot-hunters, but there are still many things on the surface that were very interesting to us. What a wonderful ruin it must have been before it was touched by white men.

Long ago there may have been a few grave-robbers, but the Navajo Indians are very superstitious about even going into these ruins. They believe that they are inhabited by "The Little People" or spirits of the Cliff-Dwellers.

We climbed into a great many of the ruins

and explored the canyon. We hated to turn back and think of the trading post. The Indians were right about the quicksand. Dad had warned us to be careful of it, too. After we broke camp in the morning, one of us went ahead to feel out the sand. We unstrapped the lariat in case we should need it. The other followed with the pack horse. We were lucky to have only struck it once and then just to the horses' knees. They floundered out in good shape.

We arrived in Chin Lee about three that afternoon and as we wanted our horses to get a good rest before starting for the Hopi country, we made camp. It was then that we realized that we had missed Massacre Cave. The trader told us that it was in the right fork of Cañon del Muerto. We certainly regretted this, but there was nothing to do but go on.

Both Dick and I decided that the two canyons were the most wonderful we had ever seen. We planned to return and get permission to really excavate a ruin. We agreed that we liked Casa Primera the best.

CHAPTER XVII

HOPI LAND

WE left Chin Lee quite early in the morning and came at once into the desert country. We rode and rode and it seemed as though we were making little or no headway. There was one small red rock mesa standing up in the plain and we decided to stop there and have luncheon. We had a pretty late luncheon.

We went on and on all afternoon and then, suddenly we saw a large band of Navajos riding at a gallop toward us. They would

circle us at a distance. Then some would seem to throw things in our direction. A few would jump off of their horses and crouch behind bushes for a few seconds. They would all get together and talk and then start out afresh. Every story that Dick and I had ever read about Indians on the war-path rushed into our heads. We did not dare say anything, but our hair certainly stood straight up. We both thought we were going to be massacred!

The Indians were closing in on us. They circled at full speed. Then we saw the rabbits.

A great number of them shot past us, coming from all directions. The Indians followed in, throwing their sticks and getting 'em too. After they had passed us, we saw two boys following with horses actually loaded down with rabbits. They gathered them up as they trailed the hunters.

I thought of the Rabbit Hunter of Taos and I knew that we had been lucky in seeing one of the old time big Rabbit Hunts.

From then on we saw many horses and oc-

A White Mule with a Kick

casionally passed a few Hopi Indians, but our limited Navajo vocabulary wouldn't work with them which caused a heap of trouble.

That night we camped near a wind-mill.

It was that night too, that I had the time finding a trading post. We simply had to have oats for the horses. Dick made camp and I rode off in the direction we supposed the store to be. It was long after dark before I found it, and very late when I got back to our desert home. Dick and I vowed never to become separated again. It is a pretty big country if you're lost in it.

The next day was rather uninteresting and also very long. It was not until we began to see the little Hopi farms late in the afternoon that the monotony of the desert changed. About five o'clock we saw First Mesa with Walpi outlined against the sky. Dick was thrilled as it was his first pueblo.

An old Hopi on a burro joined us the last few miles. We had a lot of fun listening to him exercise his few words of English, but we didn't let him know it of course.

We couldn't help remarking about one strik-

ing difference between the Hopis and the Navajos. A Navajo either speaks English well or not at all, but we found that the uneducated Hopis delight in using their few words or phrases in English. That night we camped at the foot of First Mesa near a trading post run by an Indian, Tom Pavatea by name, and his many customers spoke to us over their bottles of pop and boxes of cookies.

The following day we decided to rest our horses and go to the pueblos on foot, so we put them in a good corral and started out. We climbed up a regular rock stairway which wound up to the top of the mesa over old débris heaps, through little narrow passageways and between huge rocks. Finally we got to Walpi which is on the very point of First Mesa.

Walpi struck me as being a lot like Acoma, that is the old part of Acoma. The houses are built of rock and parts of the pueblo are several stories high.

Most of the Indians were down attending to their fields and herding their sheep, but

the ones that were in the pueblo were very friendly. They invited us into their houses and wanted us to share their meals.

In Walpi there is still one of the old, narrow covered passageways with a house built right over it. Walpi has four splendid kivas and a wonderful dance court. There is a tall, mushroom-shaped stone pillar there called "Dance Rock." When the Snake Dance is held in Walpi the "kisi" or shelter for the snakes is built near it.

The Hopi Snake Dance is the most unusual thing in the Southwest. It is always held the latter part of August, but the exact day is kept a secret until about a week before it takes place. Runners go out on the desert days before the actual ceremony and collect snakes, mainly rattlers. These are carefully washed and kept in big jars in the kivas until they are needed. The day of the dance they are put into the kisi or shrine and sprinkled with sacred meal by the Snake Priest. Then when the dancers come out of the kiva they are released and skoot all over the place.

The dancers pick them up, even carrying

them in their mouths at times. The singing begins and the dance starts. There is always an Antelope Priest accompanying a Snake Priest or dancer and his business is to try to attract the snake's attention by stroking its head with a feather-wand. The dancers are often bitten, but they have some kind of medicine that they drink right after the dance and they never seem to get seriously sick from the poison.

About one hundred yards up the First Mesa from Walpi is Sichomovi, another village. It is quite a bit smaller than Walpi and I did not find it as interesting, but we saw one thing there that we went simply crazy about —that was the whole process of the making of pottery.

Every woman in the pueblo was busy. We saw the piles of damp clay; then the kneading, it is exactly like kneading bread dough. A woman would take a lump of the worked clay and roll it out in a long rope between her hands, and then begin at the bottom and build up coil on coil, until she had part of the jar made. When one had a jar or bowl nicely

shaped and smoothed with wet fingers, they would let it dry in the sun.

The second part is the rubbing. First they used a fairly soft piece of sandstone and rubbed the jar smooth. After that they used the polishing stone or very smooth, small river-pebble. This made the piece of pottery absolutely glossy.

Next came the slip or first painting. With the Hopi pottery it is a rich creamy color. This is left to dry before the design is put on. Some of the women are real artists. They make their brushes by pounding the pulp out of the end of a yucca leaf and then chewing the fiber until they get the size and shape brush that they want. The modern Hopi pottery is polychrome, that is—black, white and red designs on the creamy ground. It is really beautiful.

The firing is the last step. Small fires were laid and the pottery set on rocks, around and over it, then the whole thing was covered with dung-cakes and the fire lighted. These little smouldering heaps were all over the village. We watched one old woman who

cussed in her best Hopi because a rock tipped over and some of her ware was broken.

Having been able to see them making their pottery was all so interesting to me because the old Cliff-Dwellers in the Mesa Verde must have made their pottery in much the same way a thousand years ago. I have been with Dad when he excavated everything that the ancient women used in their pottery making, and the Hopi women had just the same things.

A little farther on we stopped and spoke to an old fellow who was making moccasins. He told us that he was a Tewa Indian, and as he had married a Sichomovi woman he had come to her home to live, as is the custom among all Pueblo Indians. The man always moves to the woman's home. He fights when it is necessary, hunts and works in the fields, but his wife owns and cares for the home and the children belong to "her people."

This man was very friendly and we sat down and watched him cut and sew the buckskin. He told us that the next village, called Tewa, was really inhabited by the Tewa Indians. Years ago a band of Indians living

in a village about three miles north of Santa Cruz in New Mexico moved to the Hopi country at the request of the Hopis. They were known to be great fighters and the Hopis wanted their help in fighting the Navajos who were their enemies at the time.

He asked us where we came from, and that got him started on ruins. He said that every pueblo is divided up into clans or family groups. There are Bear Clans, Corn Clans, Butterfly Clans and so on. The Flute Clan and the Snake Clan in the Hopi country claim to have come from Mesa Verde. Of course we asked him many questions as we were awfully interested and it was wonderful to learn how many of the old Indian beliefs check up with what we actually find in the ruins.

This old man had one pet hate; he certainly didn't like women who cut their hair and wore pants.

After we left him we went on to the third pueblo. It seemed so strange to see this different village where the Tewa people spoke their own language and kept their own old

customs during all these years. The ceremonies must have been different too, as they had four kivas in the one small town.

Late that afternoon we watched a ball game between the Polacca and Keam's Canyon Schools. Dick was asked to play third base on the Polacca team and he was certainly sorry when they lost, 5–6.

I had a lot of fun being cheer leader (for Dicky). My fun didn't last for long though as we learned that our horses had jumped the corral fence while we were at the game and we had to send an Indian on horseback to get them.

We were almost sure that our trip was at an end. Those animals had gone fourteen miles towards home before the Indian boy caught them. It cost us a pretty penny, but it was well worth while.

Early the next morning we were off to Second Mesa. It was only six miles away, and after passing herds of sheep and bands of peppy little ponies that dashed by us, we climbed the Mesa on the old horse trail.

The people were all having a late breakfast

when we arrived in Mishongnovi. We walked about the well laid out little streets and counted five kivas. One was built right on the point of the mesa and the view from it across the Desert was wonderful.

Shongopovi is a kind of sister pueblo and the two have many things just alike. We were fortunate in seeing the women making baskets there.

They would first split the leaves of the yucca by holding one end in their mouth and pull narrow strips from it. Then starting with a little coil, they would begin at the bottom and gradually work in the design and build the basket up. They never have any pattern to go by, but they carry the design in their heads. Some of the baskets were lovely and all of a rather flat shape.

They have a fine old covered passageway there and a good dance court. The people were kind and willing to show us about and tell us of their life, but they simply wouldn't let us take pictures of them. Some even ran off to their homes when they saw the kodak.

When we learned how much it disturbed

them, we put it in the case. They were pleased with this and invited us into their houses.

The living rooms in the Hopi houses are all of good size and with quite high ceilings. They had the square type hooded fireplaces, and the floors were made hard as in the Pueblos of the Rio Grande, by pouring blood on the earth and then rubbing it with stones until it was as hard and shiny as black pottery. The most unusual thing in these houses was the type of inner passage to their storerooms. There were little niches in the wall which served as hand and foot holds. These led up to a very small opening near the ceiling which was the entrance to the store room. A fat squaw could never have gotten into one but I guess they kept slim climbing up and down the wall.

It was later, when we were looking at the pictograph near the two kivas on a ledge below the village, that we heard of the Kachina Dance at Oraibi. We wanted to see it, so we rode the twelve miles to Third Mesa that afternoon even if it was late.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE KATCHINA DANCE

WE got to Don Lorenzo Hubbell's trading post at the foot of Third Mesa and saw the last part of the Katchina Dance, or the Dance of the Dolls, we would call it in English.

The Pueblo dolls or little images of the gods are noted, and the Hopi Katchinas are the best. Every house has its special little image hanging from the roof beams just as the Catholics have little statues of the saints in their homes.

This dance was not so much a ceremony to the gods as to the little images that represent them. And it is always supposed to be rather amusing.

The sun was nearly setting as we rode up to the dance court in front of the small settlement and a very colorful sight met our eyes. There were about fifteen men dancing. Each one wore a shirt made from whole buckskin tied in place with a beautiful woven belt. Their moccasins and leggings were ornamented with silver buttons, and a piece of brilliant colored cloth hung down from the waist at the back. Attached to the belt were also a bunch of jingles or home-made bells. They carried a rattle in one hand and a feathered bow and arrows in the other. The most gorgeous part of the costume was the mask or headdress. These were painted and plumed and each one was different from the other.

Reyes Day in Santo Domingo was funny and the Comanche Dance in San Ildefonso was beautiful, but the Katchina Dance was certainly the most rythmic and colorful one that I have ever seen.

As they came out, an old Chief-Priest sprinkled each dancer with sacred meal and then gave the order to begin. They formed a square and faced the four directions, East, North, West and South, as they danced. Their foot work was wonderful and they kept such accurate time.

The Snake Dance is, of course, the best known of the Hopi dances, but the Katchina Dance comes second. We were very lucky to have been able to see it. Several years ago I saw the Butterfly Dance at Gallup and that is a very beautiful Hopi dance too.

After the dancers had departed, we went over to the trading post and saw Don Lorenzo Hubbell. Dad has known him and his father for years, so he gave us a great welcome. At his invitation we put our packs, bed-roll and saddles on his front porch and then took our horses over to his corral and cared for them.

Dick was just beginning to make a little fire and I was digging some supplies out of one of the pack-bags when Don Lorenzo appeared and insisted that we put our things away and join him in a "store supper." He

explained that it was his girl's day off and he had to shift for himself.

We went into his trading post and after looking around for a few minutes our host began to pull down from the shelves cans of sardines, corn-willy, crackers, chile, olives and then he produced a couple of large onions. He peeled the onions and opened the tin cans and the crackers, showed us the system and after the first lesson we were masters ourselves.

The idea was this: first take a cracker, load it with sardines and corn beef, then add a slice of onion, a piece of chile and place another cracker over it, and oh, but it was good. Mr. Hubbell got us to eat more and more by saying:—"Now isn't this good boys?" And one time when we seemed to be letting up he said:—"It's the onion that sets it off." When supper was over, we sat around and talked for a while and then trooped off to bed. He certainly is fine and we liked him.

The next morning we had a splendid breakfast with Don Lorenzo. We restocked our "Kitchen," saddled and packed the horses and said good-bye.

All Indian pueblos seem to specialize in something and the Hopis of Third Mesa went in for big tall baskets. On First Mesa they made pottery, on Second Mesa, plaques or flat baskets and in Oraibi the women were busy making large baskets with a good deal of design worked into them.

Old Oraibi is the oldest of the inhabited Hopi villages and probably the oldest inhabited village in the United States. Most of the pueblo is in ruins and only a few people live there. As the houses would tumble down or become hard to repair, the people would move over to Hotevilla or Moenkopie.

We climbed over the ruined part and it was easy to see that in a few years this place would be fine digging for archæologists. We could not help observing that the Cliff-Dwellers of the Mesa Verde and the Cañon del Muerto must have moved away in much the same way as the people of Old Oraibi were doing.

We went on five miles to Hotevilla and we stayed there until about four o'clock. Dick and I both liked it better than any of the

other Hopi pueblos. It was so clean, and the people all dressed in their typical costumes. The women wore the squaw dress which fastens over one shoulder and leaves the other bare. The young girls had their hair done up in the whorls on either side of their heads. This is a very queer way and the two bunches are supposed to represent squash blossoms. The children's costume was not complicated, —they had absolutely nothing on.

We needed a canteen badly so I bought a pottery one that had been covered with pitch and had a corn cob stopper. It kept the water awfully cool. This gave Dicky the idea of getting a bowl. We found a little beauty and as we did not have the right change, I went to the store to get it. When I returned I nearly died laughing at him. There he was looking worried and forlorn with a crowd of squaws around him all jabbering at once. They looked as though they would mob him if he didn't buy all of their pottery. We got the one piece and were glad to get away.

We went to the spring to fill our canteen. Hotevilla certainly has good water and a

better supply than the other villages. They use the water from it to irrigate the tiny terraced fields on the lower hillsides. They looked to me like the pictures I have seen of the little fields in Europe.

We planned to spend the night in Hotevilla, but the horses had had such a good rest, we thought that we would ride the thirty miles to Blue Canyon Wash that night. We didn't arrive until one o'clock in the morning and we were so sleepy we could hardly see to water and feed the horses before "turning in."

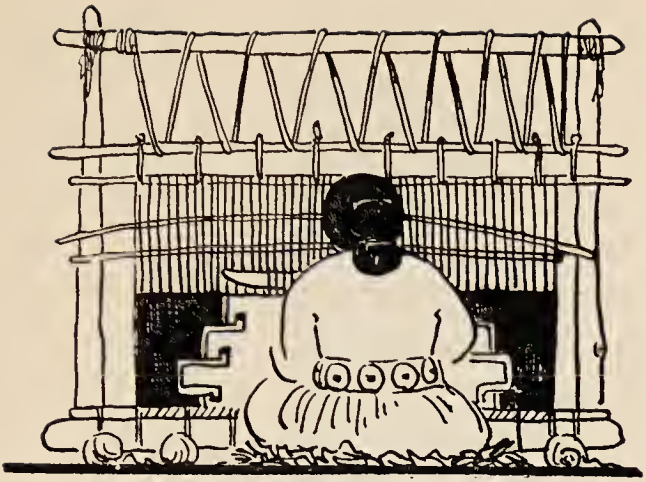
Don Lorenzo had told us about his new trading post there and we found a big pile of sacks filled with wool in front of it. We just crawled up on them and made our bed. Late the next morning we were awakened by laughter and words we seemed to understand. When we finally came to, Navajos in plenty were making fun of us. We were in Navajo country again.

After a good breakfast given us by the trader, we started out to hunt for the horses. We walked all over the state of Arizona nearly, looking for them and had to stand for more

teasing when we found them not two miles from the store. We certainly felt cheap.

There was nothing to do but stay for dinner with the trader. He told us about some wonderful ruins up the canyon that the Navajos said had never been entered by white men. There were bowls and everything all over the place and the Indians called the place "Big Ruin Canyon."

We both wanted to go there at once and it was hard to continue the trail. It was only sixteen miles to Red Lake, but we had lost so much time that we felt that we just had to go on.



CHAPTER XIX

BEGASHIBITO

AFTER we left Red Lake we ran into a pretty bad wind storm. It was desert country and the sand was awful. We kept telling each other that luck had been with us on the trip and the wind would soon be over, but we were all wrong. The wind actually picked the sand up and hurled it in our faces. Our eyes were so full of it that we only went nine miles. It just made our San Juan dust storms look like a fog.

We welcomed the sight of Luke Smythe's

Trading Post at Begashibito, as the Navajos call it, which means The Place Where the Cattle Drink. We were held up there three days; two days on account of the sand storm, but we didn't mind it a bit,—in fact it was just about the most interesting part of the trip.

The first afternoon we stayed in the store and watched the Indians trade. They would come in with their skins, bags of wool, blankets or whatever else they had to sell and when Mr. Smythe had paid them for what they had, they would turn right around and spend every cent of their newly acquired wealth for everything from shoes to stick-candy. Mr. Smythe would get an extra profit in this way.

Mr. Smythe told us, just as a gust of wind about blew the roof off of his store, that when he first came out to that country, the wind was blowing just as hard as it was then. He asked one old timer whom he met on the road, if the wind blew that way all the time. The old man shifted his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other and said:—"Well, not always, son. It sometimes blows from the other direction."

Navajo Hogans

On the second day, as we were sitting down to one of Mrs. Smythe's good meals, Luke told us that the Navajos sometimes found whole pieces of pottery that the wind had blown out on the mound ruins not far from the spring. That started us off as soon as we could leave.

About a quarter of a mile distant we saw a ghastly sight, and after the first shock, Dick and I were thrilled. The wind came in terrific gusts and when we stopped to get our breath and lowered our heads to escape having a load of sand in our eyes, we saw the top of an old skull right there in front of us. Another gust and the teeth were seen to appear as if by magic. Then the rim of a jar seemed to rise out of the sand and we knew that it was an ancient burial.

I remembered having read about the queer things that were discovered in this way in the great Sahara Desert. How whole caravans had been covered, and centuries afterward, exposed to view for a short time and then covered again by the wind-blown sand. Here was the same thing going on before us.

This is the first time I ever excavated with wind. Dick and I were simply wild over our success and every time we opened our mouths to yell at the other we swallowed about a pound of sand.

However, we got six wonderful pieces of pottery, a lot of arrow-heads, two bone awls and the fetish of a rattlesnake. This was carved from a piece of bone and had the head and the rattles well marked.

That evening Mr. Smythe told us that the Indians were always bringing bowls into him, but as he is not allowed to buy them, they go out and break them up. We are going to get Dad to see what he can do about this.

That night we got everything fixed to leave the next morning, but at the last minute we heard that there was going to be a Navajo wedding and of course we wanted to see it.

We learned that it was to be held in a little canyon a few miles from the trading post. We told Mr. Smythe that we would be ready to leave any time after five in the morning. He certainly laughed at us, and later told us that the Indians spent the morning building two

hogans—one for the ceremony and the other for the bride and groom to live in.

We were rather impatient to be off as the wind had calmed down. We were to leave right after luncheon and I am ashamed to say we made quick work of Mrs. Smythe's fine food.

More Indians passed that morning than I thought were on the whole reservation. When we finally got to the canyon we saw that they were all there and then some.

We waited and waited for the ceremony to begin. The Indians just sang and talked and laughed the whole afternoon. As soon as the sun went down a silence fell over them and we saw the bride and her father enter the ceremonial hogan. Then the groom appeared with his father. After they had entered the hogan, a number of old people got up and followed them in.

They wouldn't let us in of course, but we were not sorry as there were lots of holes in the walls that we could utilize to our advantage.

The Navajos built a small fire in the center

of the lodge and made a blue corn-meal mush or porridge over it. When that was cooked, everyone was assigned to special places. The girl and her father sat on one side of the fire and the boy and his father on the other side. The old people formed a double row around them. Then the marriage ceremony began.

The girl's father scooped up a handful of the mush which he gulped down. Then he passed the basket, in which the mush had been placed, to the boy's father who repeated the former's actions. The girl then took her share and lastly the boy. The basket was then handed back to the old people who scraped it clean. This was done in silence, that is, no one spoke.

After everybody was through eating, the fire was replenished and the boy traded places with the girl's father. Then one old woman got to her feet and told the young couple to live righteously, to always be good, to help people in need and to remember the ancient customs and beliefs of their tribe. There was much more, of course, and as soon as the old squaw had finished, another got up. All

the old Indians were pretty long-winded and usually said about the same thing, so by the time the bride and groom had been told exactly what to do by half of the occupants of the hogan, we thought that it was about time to return to the trading post and go to bed. It was very interesting though and we wouldn't have missed it for anything.

CHAPTER XX

HOMEWARD BOUND

FORTY miles in one day sounds anything but pleasant, but we wanted to make up some of the time we had lost at Begashibito and as the horses had had a splendid rest, we pushed on.

We couldn't have wished for a more perfect day. It was clear and warm with just a faint breeze blowing. We followed up a rolling valley all morning, passing many ruins and an occasional hogan. We ate our lunch at

"Clamaty's Hogan" as the Navajo settlement on the Marsh Pass is called.

Marsh Pass is a regular canyon and the bottom looked very fertile. We noticed a couple of ruins in the upper cliffs. I knew of the wonderful Basket-Maker sites Dr. Kidder had found and excavated there and we added this place to the list of others that we wished to come back and see some other time.

When we got to the junction of Marsh Pass and Sagi Canyon, we knew that the great cliff-ruins of Betatakin and Keet Seel were not many miles to the north. The bright red cliffs were so inviting we could hardly resist taking the side trail, but it would have meant two extra days and Dick had to get back as his vacation time was almost over.

When we got to the mouth of Marsh Pass Canyon it was pretty dark. We could just make out some buttes ahead and we felt fairly sure that Kayenta lay behind them. We were right although the distance was far greater than we had expected.

We stopped at the first house we saw. The people let us put our horses in their corral

and after caring for them we made our bed and slept the sleep of the Just.

The next morning we went on to Mr. John Wetherill's place. He has a splendid Dude Ranch and guides people into the Rainbow Bridge country. Mr. Wetherill and his brother were the first white people to see the big ruins in Mesa Verde. They ran cattle up there in the late eighties. We were awfully disappointed to miss seeing him, but his partner was nice to us and directed us northward.

We went on and on past volcanic upthrusts and queer erosions and we knew that we were on the edge of Monumental Valley. Finally we came to a fork in the road, one branch going to Oljeto (Moonlight on the Water) and the other to Goulding's Trading Post and Mexican Hat. As Goulding's was our destination we took the right hand fork, but we liked the name of the other place.

Water means everything to the Navajo Indians living out there on the desert and the names of most of their settlements begin or end with "tŏ" which is Navajo for water. There is Oljeto (Moonlight on the Water),

and Begashibito (Where the Cattle Drink or Cow Springs); Toadlena, which means Running Spring Water, Tocito (Warm Water), Tohatchi (Little tiny Surface Well Water) and many others.

A few miles farther on we got our first view of Monumental Valley. We were lucky again as the sun was just setting and the red glow on the tall spires and high, narrow mesas was marvelous. We watched the light fade and it was dark when we arrived at Goulding's.

The trading post is situated in the head of a little rock canyon and near it is a wonderful spring. It was the best water we had tasted since we had left the Mesa Verde and we just could not get enough of it. I think our horses felt the same way about it, too.

Mr. Goulding was away, but his partner, Mr. Dobbins, was certainly fine to us. He told us about the Indians around there and also the old-timers. He pointed out a butte that was named after a man whose skeleton was found at its base.

The Navajo Indians are very superstitious about touching a dead person. They had

evidently killed the man and then gone away and left him. When the white people found the skeleton years afterwards, there were papers in the pockets which identified him and also several sacks of gold nuggets. Where the old prospector had found the gold no one seemed to know, unless he had run across the famous "Adams's Diggings."

When I was in Santa Fé last winter I heard about that old mine and here is the story as it was told to me:—

A trader who had a little post out on the desert not far from Monumental Valley told a prospector named Adams about gold. It seems that the Indians kept bringing in small chunks of it and traded it for their supplies. Adams questioned the Indians and found out the approximate site of the outcrop of gold ore.

The next thing he did was to send for his partner, and when he arrived, they loaded a few mules with tools and supplies and went in search of the treasure. They found the place and it was beyond all their dreams. They also found that the Indians guarded it

and they were nearly captured. They were able to load two of the mules with the ore and escape. They had an awful time getting out, but they made it. The ore was very rich and the two loads they secured brought them quite a large sum.

Adams had had enough of it and went to California, but his partner returned for more gold by himself. The Indians discovered him, stripped him of his clothing and pelted him with cactus and beat him. They left him for dead but he made his way back to his home and then died.

Adams told some friends about the gold and several years later he headed a little expedition, and they thought that there would be enough of them to stand off the Indians. The whole party was killed and the Indians scalped them and tortured them terribly. Each year in Arizona and Nevada hopeful prospectors start out in search of "Adams's Diggings."

When we arrived at Goulding's we noticed that Jug had a small sore place on his back. The frying pan had loosened and rubbed him. This worried us and we opened our medicine

kit for the first time and doctored him up with an iodine swab. Everyone had told us that our horses were in fine condition. We were not a little proud of this and we didn't want a frying pan to spoil our record.

I have never seen anything so different as the Monuments by morning light. They seemed so far away and appeared like a mirage. On the road to Mexican Hat we passed through two of the largest and there in front of us was the great mountain called the Bear's Ears. We certainly were tickled as we can see those same peaks from the Park and we knew that we were within 150 miles of home.

We passed through desert country most of the day but it was rather fun as it was the first time that either Dick or I had been in Utah. Then we saw the big mountain called Sleeping Ute which is just west of the Mesa Verde. This really does look just like a huge old Indian lying down on his back.

We were awfully glad to see the San Juan River. The cliffs there are somewhat like the Grand Canyon and the coloring simply

wonderful. The river takes a terrible drop and the road going down to the big suspension bridge is dreadfully steep. We got off and led the horses.

When we crossed the bridge it swayed and gave us a queer sensation. When we got to the other side we were rather glad that we had waited a few years, as the people used to cross the river in a little car suspended from a cable at this point.

We camped at Mexican Hat that night. The settlement gets its name from a queer pinnacle near by which is shaped exactly like an inverted sombrero.

The next day we were off early for Bluff. We had water most of the way as we followed the San Juan for several miles. I will never forget the beauty of the changing colors on the giant formations in the early morning light. Dick and I would just point and breathe deeply; it was too wonderful to talk about.

There were cliffs that had strange markings on them; mesas, spires and pinnacles shot up from the floor of the desert. There were some

places where the water flowed near-by and then the red and purple rocks stood out in the bright green of the Spring leaves.

We passed between Alhambra Rock and another almost as large and we were surprised to find a large Navajo settlement. We had never seen so many tall Navajos. They were a splendid group of people. They all seemed to be prosperous too, and they had the best looking sheep we had seen on the trip.

Within a few miles of Bluff we came to the famed Navajo Hill that goes over Comb Ridge. We had never seen such a hill and we could hardly believe it when we heard that automobiles made it every day.

We got to Bluff in good time. The little town is a regular oasis in the desert and the vivid green trees and newly planted fields seemed to welcome us back to civilization as much as the friendly Mormon people.

After turning our horses into a good little pasture we made camp behind an abandoned house near the field. We were able to get a

few fresh things to eat and we had a regular feast that night.

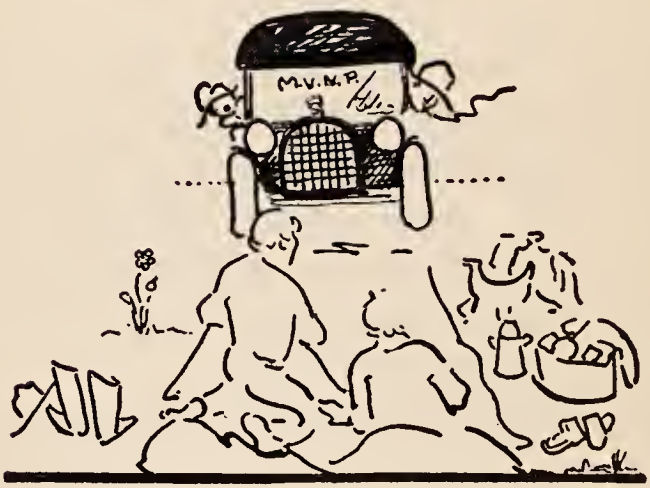
The next morning about dawn we got the worst scare on the trip and the happiest surprise. We had been sleeping soundly when we were suddenly awakened by the shriek of an automobile exhaust horn almost over us. We sat up and saw Muth and Dad there laughing at us and tooting the old horn for us to get up. My, but it was good to see them!

It would have taken us three days to reach home on our horses so Dad brought Jim Corn, one of our good Navajo friends, to take them back for us. After a good breakfast where everyone talked at once, we piled our packs, bed-roll and saddles into the car and prepared to roll along in luxury.

"We have a surprise for you," said Mother. "Word has come from Mr. Putnam that you are to sign up as cabin boy with David on the *Morrissey* which sails for Baffin Land on the eleventh of June."

This was great news. I could not help

feeling how lucky I was as I looked back on the red cliffs and the Desert. There would be one glorious week at home in Mesa Verde and then off for New York and the Arctic.



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